AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

APR 15 195

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DELL MAGAZINE

GABLE AND HIS GIRLS by LOUELLA PARSONS

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APR 28 1954

MARILYN AND JOE: Who turned love's dream into a free-for-all?

Esther Williams

No wonder so many women are changing to Camay!

THERE'S

COLD CREAM

NOW IN

CAMAY



"Such wonderfully luxurious complexion care!"

Lovely Camay Bride, Mrs. Charles T. Jackson, Jr., says, "I changed to Camay with cold cream the minute I heard about it. Now, after using it for months and months, I can say it's the most wonderful beauty soap I've ever used!"



WOMEN EVERYWHERE love Camay with cold cream—extra luxury at no extra cost! And Camay is the *only* leading beauty soap that contains this precious ingredient.

TRY IT YOURSELF! Whether your skin is dry *or* oily, Camay with cold cream will leave it feeling exquisitely cleansed and refreshed. In your daily Beauty Bath, too, you'll enjoy Camay's famous skin-pampering mildness, satin-soft lather, and delicate fragrance. There's no finer beauty soap made!

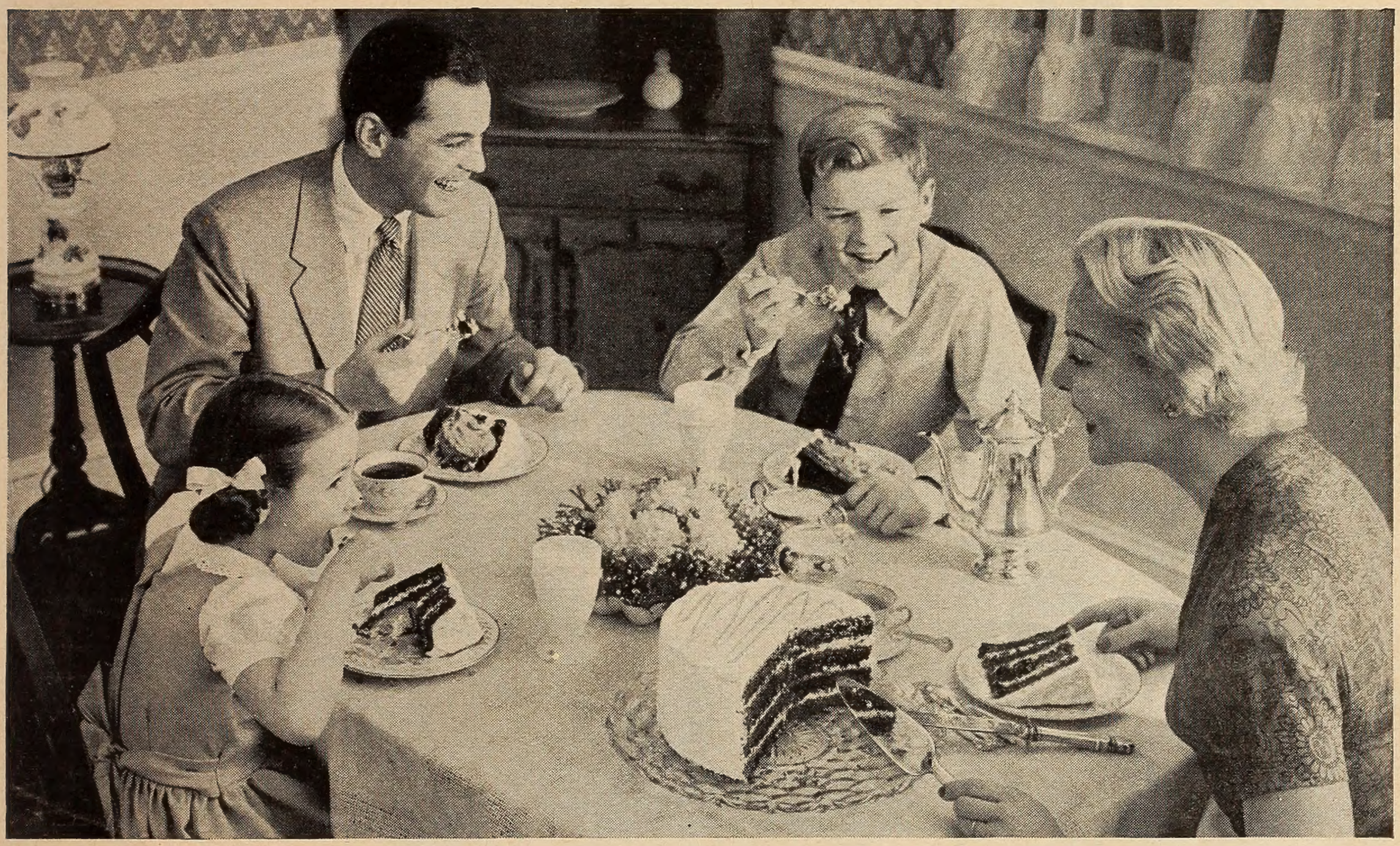
NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

APR 15 1954

B 469013

Now...a tooth paste that protects your teeth from sweets

Enjoy sweets...then use new Ipana with WD-9 to inhibit tooth-decay acids*



Now you can eat the sweets you like—the sweets you *need* for a balanced diet—and stop worrying about unnecessary cavities.

Now, with new white Ipana containing acid-inhibitor WD-9, you can guard your teeth against decay acids—formed when sweets and other carbohydrates team up with bacteria in your mouth.

For WD-9 in Ipana's exclusive new formula is one of the most effective ingredients known to prevent the formation of these tooth-decay acids.

***To get the best results** from new Ipana, use it regularly after eating—particularly after sweets. Thus it acts before tooth-decay acids can do their damage.

Brushing with new Ipana after eating really works. A 2-year clinical test with hundreds who ate all the sweets they wanted proved that brushing this way can *prevent most tooth decay.*

So remember, while no dentifrice can stop all cavities—you *can* protect teeth from sweets with new white Ipana containing WD-9.

Enjoy your sweets and protect your teeth with Ipana®



Your youngsters will love it, too. Ipana's wonderful new minty flavor actually *encourages* children to brush teeth. *No* strong, medicinal taste. But new Ipana with WD-9 makes your mouth so fresh and clean that even *one* brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day long.



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

New white IPANA with Acid-Inhibitor WD-9

NEW!

Doctor's deodorant discovery safely*

STOPS ODOR ALL DAY LONG

New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics



Actual underarm tests by doctors prove new Mum with M-3 protects against bacteria that *cause* perspiration odor—far longer than the ordinary deodorant tested.

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3.

2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—*keeps on* destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours. Just use daily.

3. Non-irritating to normal skin. *Only* leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.

4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.

5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.

6. Gentle, safe, dependable—*ideal for sanitary napkins, too.* Get new Mum today.

NEW MUM®

cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

MAY, 1954

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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ROMANCE...

RAPTURE...

"RHAPSODY"

In thrilling color by

TECHNICOLOR

with all the romance of Paris, St. Moritz and the French Riviera... and the popular music of the world's greatest composers!

"I must possess the man I love...heart, body and soul!"



M-G-M's "Rhapsody" starring

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

in her most daring role as a gilded girl obsessed with insatiable desire!

VITTORIO GASSMAN
JOHN ERICSON
LOUIS CALHERN

MGM 30th ANNIVERSARY JUBILEE

Screen Play by FAY AND MICHAEL KANIN • Adaptation by RUTH AND AUGUSTUS GOETZ • Based on the Novel "Maurice Guest" by Henry Handel Richardson

Music Conducted by Johnny Green • Piano Solos Played by Claudio Arrau • Violin Solos Played by Michael Rabin

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR • Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN

AN M-G-M PICTURE

Ich muss Tampax haben

私はタンパークスは欲しい

Je désire Tampax

Quiero Tampax

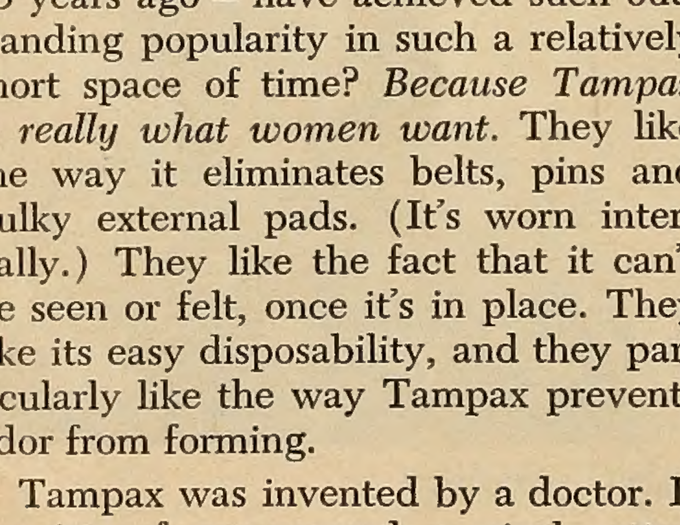
They all mean

"I want Tampax"

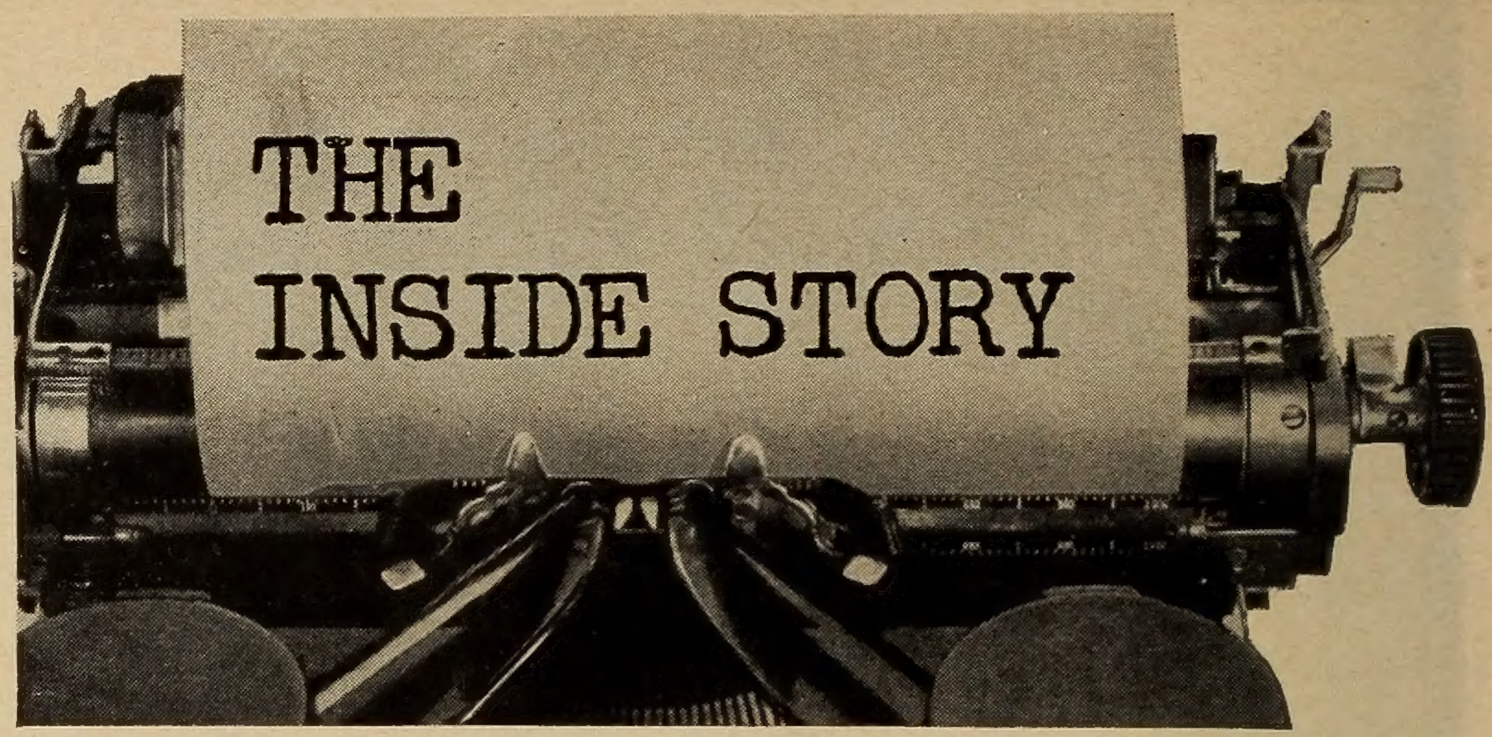
Yes, women all over the world – from Capetown to California, from Sumatra to Saskatchewan – want Tampax and only Tampax. This modern internal sanitary protection is not only sold to millions of American women, but it's distributed in 75 other countries as well.

How could this product – unknown 25 years ago – have achieved such outstanding popularity in such a relatively short space of time? *Because Tampax is really what women want.* They like the way it eliminates belts, pins and bulky external pads. (It's worn internally.) They like the fact that it can't be seen or felt, once it's in place. They like its easy disposability, and they particularly like the way Tampax prevents odor from forming.

Tampax was invented by a doctor. It consists of compressed surgical cotton in throwaway applicators. It can be used by any normal woman. And whether you live in Paris, France, or Paris, Kentucky, you can get Tampax at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angles 48, Cal.

Q. Stewart Granger is supposed to be such a he-man. How come he was invalided out of the British Army?
—T.E., New York, N. Y.

A. *Stomach ulcer.*

Q. Is it true that Bob Wagner and Dan Dailey double date, and that Dan taught Wagner everything he knows about women?
—H.C., Salinas, Calif.

A. *No.*

Q. I've been told that Red Skelton is impossible to live with, impossible to work for. How much of this is true?
—B.Y., Chicago, Ill.

A. *A lovable character, Skelton is nevertheless eccentric and difficult to live with.*

Q. Is Jackie Gleason a tyrant in the Arthur Godfrey sense of the word?
—B.E., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. *Gleason rules his* TV *show with an iron hand.*

Q. Does Judy Garland see much of her five-year-old stepson, John Luft?
—B.W., Atlanta, Ga.

A. *Yes. He plays with Judy's two daughters at the Luft home several days each week.*

Q. Is there anything to the Fred MacMurray-June Haver romance, or is it publicity? —C.I., St. Paul, Minn.

A. *There is a genuinely warm friendship between these two.*

Q. Does Burt Lancaster really hate fan magazine writers?
—V.L., Indianapolis, Ind.

A. *No; he recently held a reception for them.*

Q. In *Moulin Rouge,* did Zsa Zsa Gabor really sing? If not, who did?
—K.T., Louisville, Ky.

A. *Muriel Smith.*

Q. Is Jack Benny's daughter who just got married a natural daughter or was she adopted?—E.O., Milwaukee, Wis.

A. *Joan Benny was adopted.*

Q. Does Terry Moore ever talk about her first husband, Glenn Davis?
—N.Y., Richfield, Utah

A. *No more than she can help.*

Q. Doesn't William Holden see to it that his brother gets a part in each of his pictures? —B.D., Denver, Col.

A. *No, although his brother, Richard Beedle, did have a small part in* Stalag 17.

Q. I recently saw Jack Palance in a picture that reminded me of *The Lodger* with Laird Cregar and Merle Oberon. Can you tell me how many versions there have been of this picture?
—N.F., Detroit, Mich.

A. *Four.*

Q. Is there any chance of an eventual marriage between Shelley Winters and Farley Granger? Is it true that Vittorio Gassman married Shelley so that he could get into the United States?
—B.V., Perth Amboy, N. J.

A. *No on both counts.*

Q. Who is the Hollywood executive with whom singer Eartha Kitt has been seen?
—K.G., New York, N. Y.

A. *Arthur Loew, Jr.*

Q. Is it true that the wives of Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis don't mix socially? —H.F., Memphis, Tenn.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Will John Wayne marry Pilar Pallette when his divorce becomes final?
—E.L., Dallas, Texas

A. *Probably.*

Q. What is Rock Hudson's real name, Roy Scherer or Roy Fitzgerald?
—J.U., Columbus, Idaho

A. *His father's name is Fitzgerald; his stepfather's name is Scherer. His stepfather brought him up.*

Q. I heard a rumor that Doris Day dislikes Bob Hope and will never work with him again. Why is this?
—C.L., Lincoln, Neb.

(Continued on page 28)



DORIS DAY AND CINEMASCOPE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!

A gal is just a girl until a guy starts chasing her . . . a song is just some notes until a doll like Doris sings 'em . . . and this is just a hint of all its huge happiness—the fastest-paced pleasure that ever spread a wide smile across the face of the screen!





WARNERS' "LUCKY ME" IS ULTRA-NEW LOOK IN MUSICALS!



"Lucky Me" STARS DORIS DAY · ROBERT CUMMINGS · PHIL SILVERS **CINEMASCOPE**

AND **WARNERCOLOR** *With these all-pop all-top new hits:* 'I SPEAK TO THE STARS' 'LOVE YOU DEARLY' 'TAKE A MEMO TO THE MOON' 'MEN' 'I WANNA SING LIKE AN ANGEL' 'HIGH HOPES' 'BLUEBELLS OF BROADWAY' 'SUPERSTITION SONG' 'PARISIAN PRETTIES'

SCREEN PLAY BY JAMES O'HANLON, ROBERT O'BRIEN AND IRVING ELINSON • FROM A STORY BY JAMES O'HANLON • PRODUCED BY HENRY BLANKE • DIRECTED BY JACK DONOHUE • MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF

The talk of the town was *The Toast Of The Town* telecast from Hollywood celebrating MGM's thirtieth anniversary.



Emanating live from Hollywood, the full-hour Sunday night telecast was hailed as the most ambitious collection of top performers ever seen on TV.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD

ARLENE DAHL HAS A NEW ROMANCE . . . PROPER PETER LAWFORD . . . ROCKY

When Arlene Dahl broke up with Fernando Lamas, the redhead said, "I'm through with love."

But love, apparently, isn't through with Arlene.

Head over heels in love with her is Rudolph Schirmer, son of famed music publisher Gus Schirmer. Arlene and Rudolph did not date for months after he was separated from his wife and he thought the lady had obtained her Reno divorce before he and the Dahl doll started going around in Hollywood.

But after more than seven weeks in Reno—Mrs. Schirmer changed her mind for some reason (you can guess why) and for a rather frantic forty-eight hours denied that she would divorce Schirmer.

Arlene was really frantic at the implication that she had broken up a marriage—which she certainly had not.

"I know both Mr. and Mrs. Schirmer," Arlene told me, "and it was *she* who first told me that she and her husband were separated."

Whether or not he and Arlene will be married all depends on the lady.

If there were hard feelings between Doris Day and her boss, Jack Warner, you'd never have guessed it at Jack's beautiful party for Pierre de Gaulle, former Mayor of Paris.

Just twenty-four hours previously, Jack had blown his top when Doris failed to show up to record the final musical number in *Lucky Me*.

He ordered the cast dismissed, said the song would be cut from the picture, and also said quite a few other things about temperamental stars and one star in particular!

What got Doris' nose out of joint was that Judy Garland had been given four days of rest at Ojai Valley before she (Judy) recorded her songs for *A Star Is Born*.

When I first heard that Doris was AWOL, I called to get *her* version.

"I have an earache," she said, "but really I've had no trouble with the studio." Oh, Doris!

"When Mr. Warner hears I've been ill, I'm sure he'll change his mind and put the song back in the picture," she opined. You were right, Doris.

Doris went on, "Also, I wish you'd deny for me the silly talk that I'm unhappy about Judy Garland. Or that I am trying to copy her by arriving late on the set—or staying home.

It starred Jane Powell, Ann Blyth, Esther Williams in dances, songs and skits . . . all this and Ed Sullivan, too!



Gene Kelly, Lana Turner and Walter Pidgeon were among the stars. Lana's routine, "Gentlemen Of The Press," was her TV debut, won raves.



No novice on TV was Ann Blyth, who recently starred in a successful telecast of *A Place In The Sun* with John Derek, Marilyn Erskine.



Esther Williams and Van Johnson were a twosome, having recently co-starred in the Technicolor hit, *Easy To Love,* with Tony Martin.



Stars watched fellow-stars on monitor screen.



Ed Sullivan, TV's most famous mc and guiding light of *The Toast Of The Town,* gave last-minute instructions to the stars, remained unsmiling as usual. Fears that the show might become a hodgepodge of uncoordinated acts proved false; critics acclaimed fine direction and handling of talent.

NEWS

COOPER SOUNDS OFF . . . MARTHA HYER'S LOST LOVE . . . DORIS DAY IS EMBARRASSED . . . PARTYING PAIRS

"It's the same old talk that went the rounds when Peggy Lee made a picture at Warners. It's all so embarrassing."

TO GET BACK to the Warner party, it was a dilly.

The surprise twosome was Robert Taylor and Ursula Thiess, back together, holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes as ardently as though Ursula had not said a few weeks back, "Bob and I are washed up."

Scott Brady's former heart, Dorothy Malone, danced almost every number with millionaire Alfred Vanderbilt and I must say his taste is good. Dorothy was one of the loveliest girls present.

Vera-Ellen wore one of her fabulous costume jewelry necklaces, this one of brilliant orange-colored stones which matched her orange-colored bouffant gown.

Merle Oberon's glittering emeralds were not costume but the real thing, and they were beautifully set off by the stunning green gown she wore.

There are few girls in our town who have blossomed out more than Jeanne Crain. Formerly very much an ingénue despite her status as a married woman with four children Mrs. Paul Brinkman has suddenly become one of our wittiest girls. Jeanne's new touch of sophistication in her talk and dress is *très* becoming.

Mari Blanchard, the sultry siren of U-I, is one of the lovelies I admire just as much with her new dark tresses as I did when she was blonde. She's a blonde naturally, but the dark hair is becoming.

The newest divorcée, Corinne Calvet, was escorted by producer Mike Todd, but I noticed that Carlos Thompson, who came stag, cut in on several of their dances.

All in all, it was a *big* night.

ALL RIGHT, all right, so Peter Lawford wanted to be socially correct and have the announcement of his approaching marriage to Patricia Kennedy come from the Kennedy family.

But did he have to go to such extremes in denying my scoop as to say:

"Hah! Absolutely nothing to it. I enjoy my freedom too much."

And, the very next day, former Ambassador (to England) Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy confirmed my story that Pete and Pat would be married the week after Easter.

"The Young Skin" Treatment that works!



Hundreds of disturbed complexions clearer, smoother— often in less than 2 weeks

Are you panicky over "pores" that look bigger and bigger . . . oiliness that gushes through make-up . . . a new crop of blackheads every day?

The *cause* of "Young Skin" problems is often this: the oil glands start *over* producing. At the same time, the skin's normal casting off of dead cells slows down. These dead flakes pile up, *choke* the pore openings. Then "pores" start to enlarge, blackheads appear.

The corrective, say skin doctors, is to *clear* off dead skin and excess oil. Now —Pond's brings you a treatment based on this medical theory. Hundreds of girls with problem skin say it *works!*



"Tightens" large pores reduces oiliness leaves skin soft— never flaky!

For a clearer skin—every day cover face deeply, except eyes, with cool greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action dissolves away oil and dead skin, *frees* the tiny skin glands. Leave on 1 minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. *See* the results! Girls say: "It really *helped.*" "Pores look much smaller." "My skin feels so *clean!*"

AND—for ungreasy powder base—a *touch of* Pond's Vanishing Cream.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

IT TAKES just one good argument to start divorce rumors in our town, and Ruth Roman and Mortimer Hall had that one good argument right in front of Chasen's, one of the top spy spots of the town.

The following morning, when reporters checked the Halls to find out which one was going to Las Vegas, Morty got on the phone and said:

"Listen, fellas. It was two-thirty in the morning. My wife said to me, 'I wish you hadn't had that last drink.' If there is a wife in the world who, at sometime or another, hasn't said this to her husband he's got to be a teetotaler or else he's dead!

"Ruth and I are very happy. We'll probably have a few more disputes in public. Think nothing of it."

JANE POWELL, who had a terrible time getting out of the ingénue class on the screen (she got out off screen when she broke up her marriage), says to all girls who have a yen to be sophisticated:

"Wear red. I'm sure you'll find it's more effective than black in causing the boys to turn their heads."

GOSSIP IS THAT one of the reasons Marlon Brando walked out on *The Egyptian* is that he is "emotionally upset" that his long time girl friend, Movita, walked out on him.

The story goes that Movita is tired of holding his hand—and head—unless a wedding ring goes with the job. And Marlon just can't make up his mind to get married.

Somebody said that marriage would have been a lot cheaper than the $2,000,000 suit slapped on him by 20th Century-Fox after Marlon came to the coast, had wardrobe fittings, sat in on a rehearsal with the entire cast—and then suddenly blew Hollywood without even a wave of the hand to the studio which already has $1,000,000 invested in this film without a camera turning.

In these times of tight budgets, there's nothing funny to the studio about Brando's disappearing act and the abrupt communiqué from his New York psychiatrist that he is "too muddled" emotionally to work.

But one of the executives piped up, "When he reported wearing a Homburg, a clean shirt and his pants pressed, I knew *something* had to snap!"

EVERY TIME the phone rang at Zsa Zsa Gabor's "Come-As-Your-Favorite-Person" party, someone would crack that it was George Sanders asking if he could send over a butler (presumably the same one Zsa Zsa accused him of "stealing" when he moved out of her home).

There was a photographer for about every three guests, which isn't too surprising, Zsa Zsa being Zsa Zsa.

Ann Miller and her beau, Dr. Al Mietus, created the biggest sensation as the *Male and Female Kinsey Reports.* (Just evening clothes with signs, kids.)

Geary Steffen came as the White Rabbit, a bit of subtlety which eludes me.

Exotic newcomer Bella Darvi was a Rainbow and Brad Dexter her Pot o' Gold.

John Ireland, and *four* other gents, came as Howard Hughes!

Mrs. James Mason wore a nightgown with oodles and oodles of jewels which she said represented the hostess going to bed.

Everyone thought Zsa Zsa was a cinch to come as herself. But she fooled 'em and came as herself as Jane Avril in *Moulin Rouge.*

What a gal. But never let it be said that she isn't good copy and doesn't supply color to the Hollywood scene.

IN A WAY it's more like a movie plot than any movie she's ever played in.

I mean beautiful Martha Hyer's real life romance with a man who is not free to marry her.

She did not break up his home. She didn't meet the handsome actor until he and his wife decided to separate hoping the "time out" would help them to solve their problems. Neither the husband nor the wife wanted a divorce because of their two children whom both adored.

It's the irony of fate that during this estrangement Martha should have met the man and fallen very much in love with him.

He didn't try to fool her. He didn't say he wanted or expected a divorce from his wife. He told her truthfully that he didn't know whether they would be able to work it out—or not.

Martha herself was just recovering from the wounds of a broken marriage to Ray Stahl. She had been dreadfully unhappy until this new love came into her life.

If this were a typical Hollywood story about people who throw themselves headlong into an emotion, the ending would be that the man divorced his wife and married Martha.

Instead, it is a different story about a girl who doesn't want a broken home on her conscience nor could they be happy with each other when both were conscious of his



Terry Moore, escorted by Tab Hunter, arrived at the *Red Garters* première in a horse-drawn carriage. And of course, she wore one red garter!



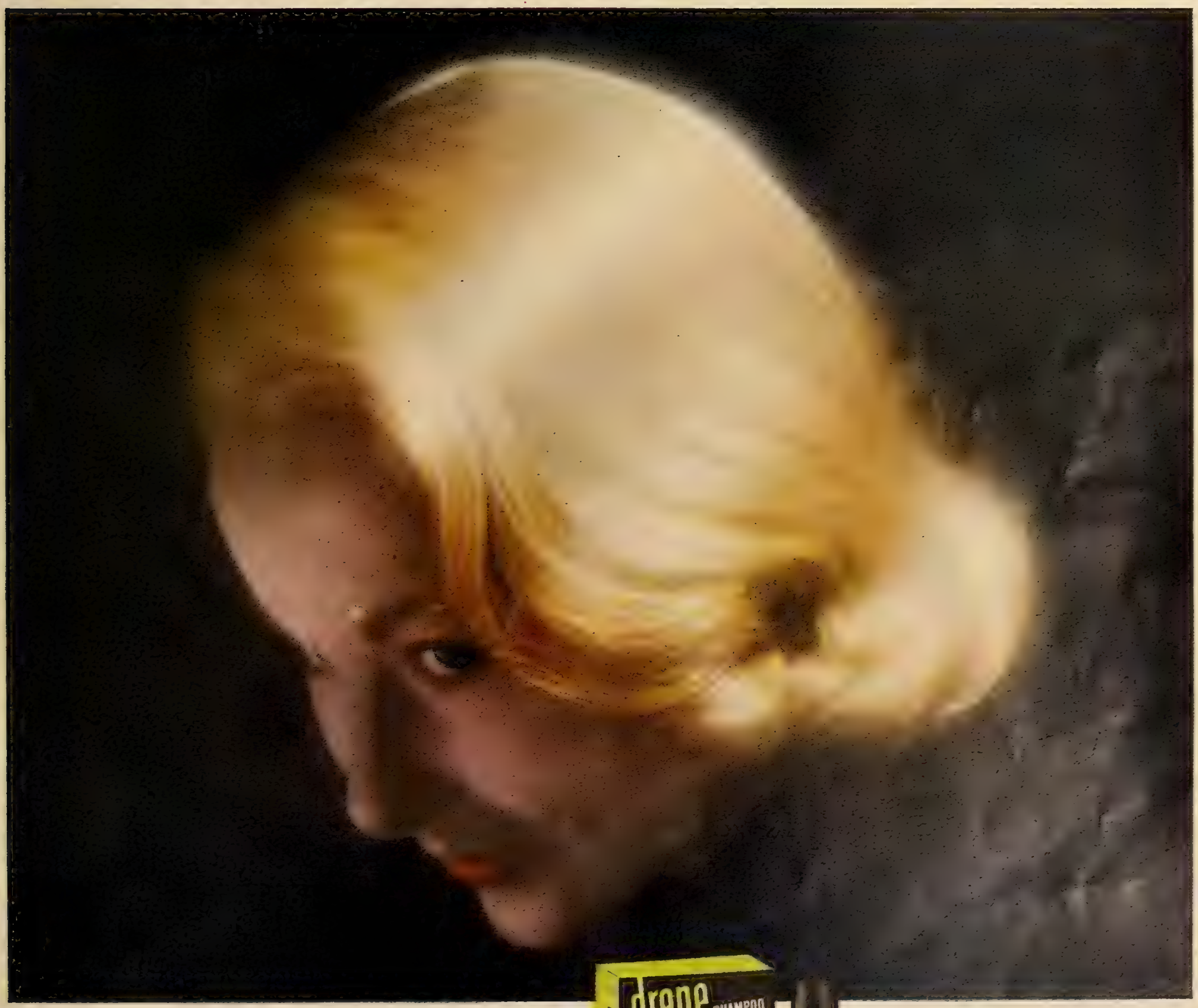
Still a frequent twosome are Dan Dailey and Gwen O'Connor. Gwen's Las Vegas tiff with Don seems to have ended reconciliation hopes.

New! a shampoo that Silkens your hair!

You'll be head over heels in love with the way your hair shines and shimmers . . . silky soft, silky bright, silky smooth—after you've used new Drene. So gleaming, *so* glamorous . . . your *silkened* hair!

New Magic Formula . . . Milder than Castile!

Silkening magic! That's what you'll find in Drene's new formula! It lathers like lightning, rinses out like lightning—it's milder than castile! Magic, sheer magic, the way this new Drene silkens your hair. Leaves it bright as silk, soft as silk, smooth as silk—and so obedient!



Lathers like lightning—

no other lather is so thick, yet so quick.

Milder than castile—

so mild you could use this new formula every day.



This is a *New* Drene!

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE

I dreamed I went to a masquerade

in my *maidenform® bra*

COSTUME BY JOHN FREDERICS JEWELS BY TRIFARI

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ©1954 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC.

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chansonette in fine white cotton broadcloth, acetate satin, or nylon taffeta... from $2.00. There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure.*

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued



Popular pair June Haver and Fred MacMurray were among the Hollywood delegation which flew to the first annual Brazilian Film Festival at Sao Paulo.



The largest official group ever sent to an international festival by Hollywood, it included 18 stars as well as top executives. Among the stars were Jane Powell, Edward G. Robinson, Rhonda Fleming, Ann Miller, Bob Cummings, Irene Dunne, Joan Fontaine.

strong obligations to the family he left.

When there was a chance of a reconciliation, even though it broke her heart, Martha told him, "Go home to your wife and children —and never regret that you did the *right* thing."

WHEN BEAUTIFUL Lorraine Chanel, the luscious model Gary Cooper dated in Mexico City, arrived unexpectedly in Hollywood just a few days after Gary landed here, Mrs. Cooper (Rocky) said:

"So what? Suppose Gary did take her out in Mexico. I don't expect him to sit home nights when we are parted. We're much too civilized for that."

But Rocky wasn't so civilized at a recent party that she didn't tell off in no uncertain words a certain charmer who seemed, at least to her, to be occupying too much of big Coop's attention.

Eavesdroppers were enthralled by Rocky's choice of words to the belle as she took her husband's arm and steered him to a neutral corner of the room.

AVA GARDNER and Shelley Winters have struck up a friendship in Rome and Shelley writes: "Both Ava and I are getting fat on this Italian food."

Shelley on the plump side I can imagine. But *Ava*? This belle has always had trouble keeping her bones covered.

THE LETTER BOX: "You don't like Lana Turner's dark hair and you've been very skeptical about her marriage to Lex Barker," chides Vera Campenelli of Dallas. "Is there anything you like about Lana?" Yes, Vera—I like Lana.

Johnny Laliberti, Montreal, Canada, writes: "I am employed as a bellhop in the Hotel De La Salle where Miss Dorothy Lamour and her troupe stayed during her nightclub appearance at *Chez Paree*. May I say, Miss Parsons, that this lovely lady, so kind, so gracious and so cordial to everyone, is the best ambassador from Hollywood who has ever visited our town."

"It makes me laugh to read that Marilyn Monroe has pushed Betty Grable off the throne as Queen of Hollywood musicals," writes Robert McArdy, San Antonio. "Wait until Marilyn equals Betty's record as Queen of the Box Office for six years straight before such extravagant claims are made for her."

Many, many letters from all over the world, Sweden, Ireland, Australia and Italy, all asking in effect: "What is the *real* trouble with Mario Lanza? Please tell us the truth." The truth is, no one knows what is the matter with Mario. His closest friends admit that he is "mixed-up" and some of them go so far as to say he needs psychiatric aid.

Frank Sinatra's fans have had a sticker printed which they paste on all their letters, reading: FRANK SINATRA'S FANS WILL LOVE HIM "FROM HERE TO ETERNITY." And no doubt they will!

Mrs. Alice Hakarine, of Virginia, Minnesota, is just one who writes this month with raves for *The Robe* and special raves for Richard Burton.

Ignaeio Aurrecoechea sends a blast from Manila, Philippine Islands, "Why you insult Liz Taylor? Always you print nothing nice about Liz." Is that so? I challenge you, señor, to send me a clipping in which I have insulted Liz.

After getting the above off his chest, Ignaeio calms down and tells me about the American actors and actresses who are popular in his country. "The box office draws here," he writes, "are Virginia Mayo, Ann Blyth, Eleanor Parker, Susan Hayward, Gregory Peck, James Mason, Liz Taylor, Ricardo Montalban, Martin and Lewis, Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie."

I've used more letters than usual in this month's LETTER BOX because the mail from all over the world was particularly heavy—and interesting, don't you think?

That's all for now. See you next month.



Jeff Hunter and his pretty wife, Barbara Rush, brought their own movie camera, hoping to get a picture of Brazilian President Vargas.



Pat Nerney escorted Jane Powell to the plane. Group was joined by Eric Johnston, named official U.S. delegate by President Eisenhower.



Are you in the know?

For a good Spring tonic, try —

☐ *Sulphur and molasses* ☐ *Shreds and patches*

Has Spring turned the gang into social sluggards? Get 'em stirring—on a Hobo Hike. Boys to be rigged in old, beat-up togs; girls in jeans 'n' jackets with gay, sewn-on patches. Bring a kettle. Have everyone tote a can of eats, for stew; then use the emptied tins instead of plates. It's fun! And instead of being a mope-at-home on trying days—choose Kotex. See how *comfortable* you can be with this softness that *holds its shape!*



Should you use an antiperspirant —

☐ *Before bathing* ☐ *Instead of bathing*

☐ *Like a bunny*

If underarm moisture baffles you, do you use an antiperspirant *properly?* After bathing, towel your armpits pronto. Then apply the dryer-upper *quick like a bunny* — to close your pore "doors" before perspiration starts! But in *sanitary* protection, *absorbency* is what you need — and get (non-fail!) with Kotex. Those special flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines.



Which would improve this duet?

☐ *Clothes harmony* ☐ *A harp* ☐ *Ear muffs*

Vocally, these hopefuls may rate. But to style-sharp eyes, her outfit's off key. What's wrong with that newsworthy print? *Nothing*—if she'd worn an "*un*busy" hat! Follow the single feature plan, costume-wise. Just as in buying Kotex you select the *one* size that does most for you: Regular, Junior or Super.



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Have you tried new Delsey* toilet tissue? It's the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex* tissues. Each tissue tears evenly—no shredding, no waste. And Delsey's double-ply for extra strength. What's more, *now* you can get Delsey in your favorite bath towel colors: pink, yellow, green, blue—as well as white. Ask for Delsey where you buy Kleenex tissues.

ROMANCE OF THE YEAR

All the world loves these two lovers—June Haver and Fred MacMurray!



June and Fred met at Ned Marin's party.

■ Hollywood has never had a more popular romance than that of June Haver and Fred MacMurray.

In the prolonged illness and death of his wife last year, Fred MacMurray's life was filled with deep sorrow. June Haver was forced to abandon her life as a novitiate after she had decided to dedicate herself to a religious life.

For more than two months they have been constant companions, and they were together in Brazil and Argentina for the film festivals.

But Fred says nothing about June unless he is more or less trapped into it. And June appears to be frightened of public reaction. She'll never know whether it is favorable or not unless she goes back to her old practice of giving out honest interviews. Apparently, she feels that her interest in Fred MacMurray has been too brief to be the subject of prolonged interviews. And until recently, she has had no career to talk about. But she has hardly been away, and now she has started her comeback with her fine performance in the CBS television show, *Trouble Along The Way*. Unless there is a last-minute hitch, she will be one of the stars in Columbia's *My Sister Eileen.*

June has dropped ten pounds and is as trim and pretty as she was at the height of her career. As pretty, her friends think, as a bride. And she might be just that before the year goes by.


YOUVE GOT A FRONT ROW SEAT AT THAT
FABULOUS BROADWAY MUSICAL REVUE...
WITH ITS STARS, SONGS, DANCES, FUN...ITS
THEATRE EXCITEMENT INTACT! AT POPULAR PRICES...
FILMED THROUGH THE MAGIC OF
CINEMASCOPE
NEW FACES
EDWARD L. ALPERSON
presents
LEONARD SILLMAN'S
in the wonder of
STEREOPHONIC SOUND
in glorious COLOR
Hear EARTHA KITT sing
C'EST SI BON, SANTA BABY,
USKADARA,
MONOTONOUS, BAL PETIT BAL,
LOVE IS A SIMPLE THING!
Starring
Ronny GRAHAM · Eartha KITT
Robert CLARY · Alice GHOSTLEY
Directed by HARRY HORNER · Co-producer BERMAN SWARTTZ
also starring
JUNE CARROLL · VIRGINIA DE LUCE · PAUL LYNDE
BILL MULLIKIN · ROSEMARY O'REILLY
ALLEN CONROY · JIMMY RUSSELL

Did he have a right to suspect her?



Dunbar was in a troubled state of mind. The honeymoon was scarcely over, but, lately, his wife was acting strangely indifferent. She responded reluctantly to his affectionate advances and seemed repelled by his kisses. Was she tiring of him? Was there another man? He suspected everything . . . everything that is, but the truth.

One of the worst things about halitosis is that it is so easy to offend without even realizing it. Halitosis comes and goes . . . absent one day, present the next . . . and you may never know when. So why rely on lesser precautions when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a record of *proven* performance.

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs —but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine "belongs" in your home. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic every morning . . . every night . . . before every date.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This . . . Instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. *Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.*



A Product of
The Lambert Company

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste



I LOVE YOU—TODAY

But tomorrow Corinne and John may be finally divorced.

■ A California divorce doesn't become final for twelve months. This affords Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield plenty of time to reconsider.

Corinne has filed for divorce but she admits, "I still love John."

Bromfield says, "I not only love her but I can't get her out of my blood."

"But," says Corinne, "I don't believe John knows what he wants. I can't seem to make him happy. I offered to give up my career even though he never asked me to."

Parisienne Corinne came to Hollywood to work for Paramount Pictures in 1947. Dropped because she didn't learn English fast enough, she was "discovered" by actor John Bromfield. He introduced her to Hal Wallis who promptly signed her.

A few months later John and Corinne were married. Whereupon Corinne announced, "I used to think European men were the best lovers in the world. Marriage to John has changed my opinion. In every American there is some European. All a wife has to do is to wake it up."

While Corinne was doing this, her career was zooming. But husband John was dropped by Wallis and took small parts in B pictures.

"Two careers in one family have nothing to do with it," John says. "Corinne's return to Europe to make some films broke up the rhythm of our marriage.

"When she got back we separated, and I missed her terribly. We reconciled but then we started fighting again. After five and a half years we had grown more apart than together.

"I'm still crazy about her, and maybe we'll reconcile."

As for Corinne: "All I want for my Johnny is to be happy, if not with me, then with someone else."

Which is why John and Corinne will probably wind up together. The California divorce law is a wise one for impetuous people.

NOW! 3 Great Exclusive Features in One Sensational Girdle!



1. Only Playtex gives you the fabulous fit and control of latex, without a seam, stitch, stay, or bone!

2. Only Playtex gives you adjustable latex garters that let you stand, sit, stoop, or stretch in complete freedom!

3. Only Playtex gives you a fabric lining like *this*—cloud-soft and cloud-comfortable!

Playtex®

FABRIC LINED
GIRDLES

with 4 durably reinforced adjustable garters



No other girdles like them! Smooth latex with cloud-soft fabric lining, these sensational Playtex girdles are invisible under the slimmest clothes, and they have the world's only adjustable latex garters that give custom fit with a touch!

Enjoy these great exclusives in Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles. Discover the fabulous fit, the fabulous freedom only Playtex can give you. The comfort of that fabric lining. The 4 adjustable garters so firm yet so flexible that stockings are held with just the right tension whether you stand, sit, stoop or stretch!

Playtex Fabric Lined Girdles are all one smooth figure-slimming piece. They're second-skin comfortable, wash—dry in a flash!

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube.

Playtex Fabric Lined Garter Girdles and Panty Girdles with adjustable garters—*at a low, low* **$5.95.** Extra-large size, **$6.95.** Fabric Lined Panty Brief (without garters), **$4.95.**

At department stores and specialty shops everywhere.

(Prices slightly higher outside U.S.A.)

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Life's going to be *Different!*



With a smooth, blemish-free skin that invites romance

No More hateful blackheads, oversily skin or pimples to keep you from having fun. You *can* be lovely, alluring. It's easy if you take these 3 steps:

Step One: Cut down sweets, pastries, starchy foods. Eat sensibly.

Step Two: Get your skin really clean.* *Hundreds of doctors* advise Cuticura Soap because it is *superfatted* and contains soothing, healing Cuticura medication.

Step Three: At bedtime smooth on Cuticura Ointment. This softens and improves your skin as it helps clear up blackheads and externally caused pimples.

In 7 Days you'll begin to see fresher, clearer, smoother skin, radiant new complexion tone.

Keep It Up. Cuticura Soap and Ointment make your skin lovelier as they help clear it up. What's more, they also help protect and preserve.

Want Faster Action? *During the day* use new "invisible" Cuticura Medicated Liquid under your make-up. Many doctors report results *in 1 to 3 days!* Get Cuticura at your druggist today!

Cuticura

***FREE** Soap sample and Skin Care leaflet giving correct face cleansing techniques. Write Cuticura, Dept. DM-5, Malden 48, Mass.

TV TALK

Jackie Gleason's private life . . . Jeanmaire meets New York . . . Robert Montgomery in the White House . . .

No one has yet figured out why there was so much publicity over **Jackie Gleason's** admission that he was in love with **Marilyn Taylor,** the dancer sister of **June Taylor,** the choreographer on the Gleason show. Jackie's been in love with Marilyn for a long time, and he and his wife Genevieve have been separated for five years. The last time Jackie and his wife were seen together in public was a year and a half ago, the night Jackie's show started on CBS. Genevieve and their two daughters went to the big opening-night party. But Mrs. G. barely smiled all evening, and sat at the far end of the table from Jackie drinking black coffee. Jackie introduced her to the other members of the party, but didn't spend any time with her. He did, however, take his shy, thinnish daughters around and show them a good time. But you could tell it was not a happy family reunion. Jackie would be a hard man to live with as he'd be the first to tell you. There are few men alive who have more ego and more energy than Jackie Gleason. His ego shows all during rehearsals for the show. He insists on directing the orchestra, directing the sketches, changing the lines—on doing everything himself. Just like the old Milton Berle. And when he's relaxing he tries to hold the center of the stage no matter where he is. He will talk louder, laugh louder, and try to top anyone else's jokes. He always tries to get in the last word—even if he has to shout it down the hall after people. Even when he's on one of his diets—consisting of graham crackers and beer—he keeps having ideas for something else he can do. Already loaded down with his TV show—which is enough to wear out six men—he insists on composing music, recording music, thinking up new ideas for new shows, and—of all things—writing. He had an idea for a novel not long ago, and was determined to get it down on paper. But even he had to admit he didn't have the time. So he spent several days interviewing writers. He'd tell them his idea for the novel, and ask them to whip it up for him. So far, no one's taken him up on it. The main reason he's moving to California (besides the climate) is that he wants to get into movies more than anything. And—as you'd expect—he doesn't just want to star in them. He wants to produce them.

You'd never know it from watching him walk slowly through his Sunday afternoon TV show, but **Eric Sevareid** is scared to death of the cameras. He's literally in a sweat for the entire thirty minutes. But watch him steal some of **Ed Murrow's** thunder as the TV glamour boy at CBS. Come to think of it, you could line up the CBS newsmen and a bunch of movie actors—and you'd have a hard time deciding which group is better looking. Sevareid, a huge hulk of a man, also has one of the handsomest wives in Washington . . . Don't think that **Jeanmaire** (or "Zizi," as everyone calls her) looks much like she did in *Hans Christian Andersen.* She's *much* more vivid and striking and was horrified when she saw herself on the screen. But she liked making the movie because she met Danny Kaye that way. He's about her only happy memory of Hollywood. She was almost a recluse when she went out to make *Hans Christian Andersen* because she still didn't speak any English. And, for seven months of her stay, she was laid up in bed recovering from an operation on her leg. She's miserable when she isn't dancing. You've never met a girl who loves to work as much as Zizi does. And you've never met anyone who looks more lovely close up. There isn't a flaw on her face. It's hard not to just sit there and marvel. And she's so tiny, it's unbelievable. She always looks much bigger on the screen or on TV or on the stage than in person. She's a five-footer. Now that Zizi speaks English—quite well, in fact—she's come out of her shell. (*Continued on page 78*)



No new romance is Jackie's recently publicized love for dancer Marilyn Taylor, but his religion forbids his getting a divorce from present wife.



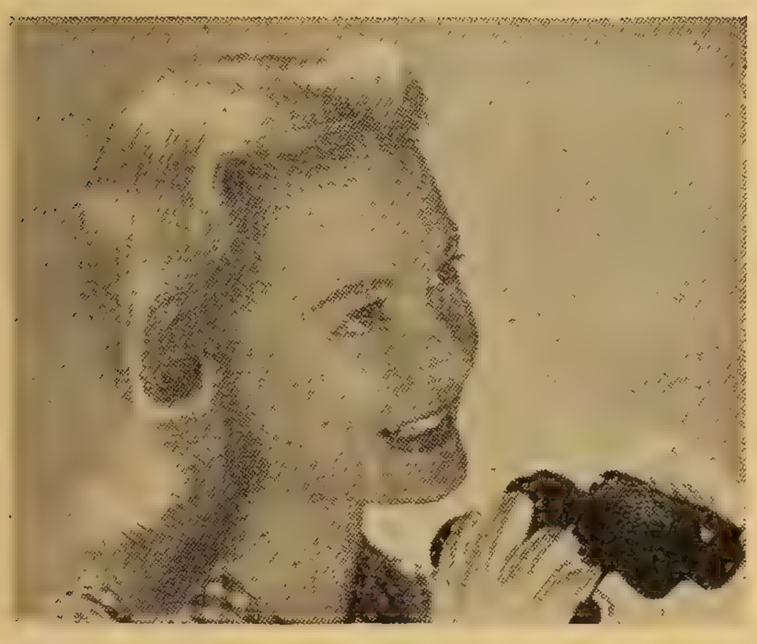
Ed Murrow, CBS' prize newsman, narrator and dignified glamour boy, is top personality on TV hits *See It Now* and *Person To Person.*



Bobbi is perfect for this soft, casual "Chantilly" hair style, for Bobbi is the permanent designed to give natural-looking curls. Easy . . . No help needed.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the natural look of the curls in this new "Tally-Ho" hair style. No nightly settings needed.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft curls needed for the delicately sculptured "Diana" hair-do. Bobbi gives you curls exactly where you want them.



Like the casual, spirited look of this "Robin Hood" hair-do? Bobbi does it! Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree waves like these.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

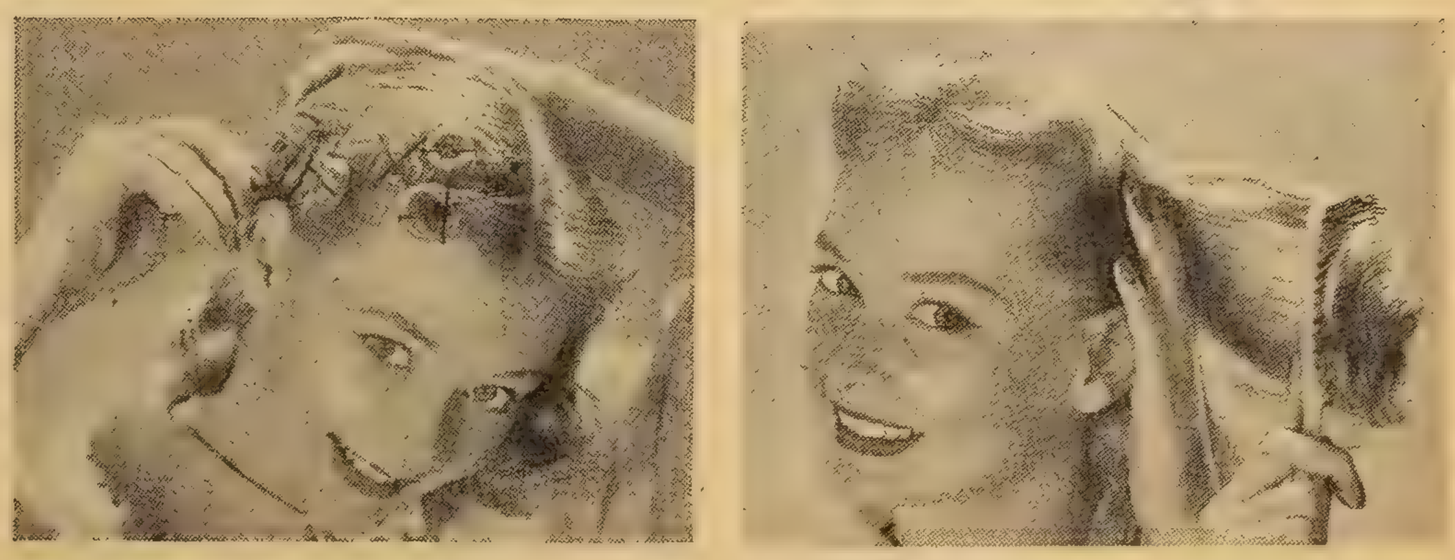
Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—*and that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

new...for a lovelier you!

Stardust

4-SECTION BRA



with a complete inside lining that improves uplift, comfort

At last... a 4-section bra that positively assures better uplift... rounds out the figure beautifully... creates an entirely new conception of fit in motion.

But more—the unique petal-smooth inside lining of self material eliminates chafing and irritation, guards health as well as beauty! Discover what Stardust's 4-Section Bra can do for you!

Rich acetate satin or fine pre-shrunk cotton; A, B, or C cups. $1.00

Stardust
Life-Insured Bra
GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR

Write for name of nearest store.

STARDUST, INC., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., N. Y. 1

A new, exclusive MODERN SCREEN feature: a nationally-known record expert gives you the latest on recording stars, new releases and equipment.

JUST FOR THE RECORDS

by George Frazier

■ The Columbia LP of the tunes from Paramount's *Red Garters* can be recommended on several grounds. For one thing, the Livingston-Evans score is, for the most part, a catchy one. For another, the quality of the recording is high. But what is probably most important is that here, on a single record, are three of the ablest popular vocalists around — Rosemary Clooney, Guy Mitchell and Joanne Gilbert. They do handsomely by such numbers as the title song, "Bad News," "Man And Woman," "Good Intentions," "Brave Man," "Meet A Happy Guy," "A Dime And A Dollar," and "This Is Greater Than I Thought."

There probably isn't much that has been left unsaid about Rosemary Clooney. That she is a fine interpreter of popular music is undisputed. There are times, in fact, when she is a great one—her Columbia recording of "Mixed Emotions," for example. But it seems to me worth mentioning that her marriage to versatile José Ferrer has imbued her with a sense of well-being that was sometimes lacking in her earlier efforts. The last time I talked to her was more than a year ago. We were having dinner together one night in the Hampshire House in New York. Usually a talkative girl, she seemed troubled and reticent that evening. Two days later I discovered that she had fallen madly in love with Ferrer and was worried about her ability to make a good wife for a man of near-genius.

Guy Mitchell, unlike Rosemary Clooney, has yet to achieve peak success on the order of that won by Sinatra or Tony Bennett or a few other male vocalists of recent years. He is an engaging performer and a good-looking boy. Mitchell certainly deserved sharp criticism last February when, as a participant in a good will junket for *Red Garters,* he showed up in Sackowitz' chic department store in Houston and, after inspecting the guests at the party, testily demanded, "Where are the dames?" Shortly afterward he departed without any regrets on the part of those in attendance. I'm inclined to be tolerant because he was then going through the sorry ordeal of being divorced from a former Miss America. Since he's still young and gifted with authentic talent, he'll probably come to realize his folly. His contributions to this recorded portfolio from *Red Garters* (which, in its movie form, is one of the most engaging spoofings of westerns I've ever seen) are splendid.

Joanne Gilbert is the prettiest and youngest vocalist on the *Red Garters* LP. This very young girl, who has a lovely figure and flashing black eyes, can become very important. If you hear her on this LP you can't doubt that.

A movie name, but of another sort, can be heard on an MGM recording of "Three Coins In The Fountain," a pleasant number from a new Metro picture. The singer is beautiful Marti Stevens. Miss Stevens' real name is Schenck and she is the daughter of Nicholas Schenck, who runs Leo the Lion. Having the powerful connections that are naturally in the possession of the child of the head of MGM, Marti could have taken the easy course by using her own name. When she opened at the Maisonette in the St. Regis last February, she demonstrated that she needs no assistance.

For those who (*Continued on page 20*)



Rosemary Clooney heads the list of singing stars who reproduce the songs from their musical, *Red Garters,* on a new Columbia LP.



Guy Mitchell, young recording star, joins Rosie in this take-off on western movies. Their singing co-star, Joanne Gilbert, is on the LP, too.



Dry skin: "Before I used Noxzema, my dry skin actually peeled in spots," says Cathy Hild of Woodridge, N. J. "Now Noxzema helps it look smoother, fresher."



Blemishes*: "Noxzema quickly helped heal my blemishes*," says Jackie Spalding of Whitefield, N. H. "Now everybody tells me how much brighter, fresher, more attractive my skin looks."



Look lovelier in 10 days

with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL or your money back!

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier —helps keep it that way, too!

● Here's wonderful beauty news! A noted skin doctor worked out a different kind of beauty care—with a special beauty cream. It helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier and helps you KEEP it that way!

This new beauty care owes its remarkable effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. It's a combination of softening, soothing, refreshing and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. *And it's medicated—aids healing—helps keep skin looking fresh and clear!*

Feel the exhilarating tingle!

The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a cool, refreshing tingle. It tells you Noxzema's beauty action is starting to work on your skin problem—helping your skin look fresher, prettier.

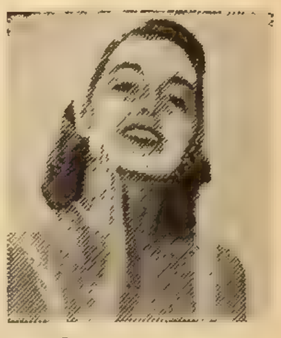
Results are thrilling

Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema care for dry, rough, flaky skin; for externally-caused blemishes; and for that dull, lifeless *half-clean* look of many so-called normal complexions.

Wouldn't you like to see a fresher, prettier complexion in your mirror 10 days from now? Then, start this Doctor's Home Facial tonight!



1. Cleanse your face by washing with Noxzema and water. Apply Noxzema liberally; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear when you 'cream-wash'!



2. Night Cream: *Greaseless* Noxzema helps soften, smooth and freshen your skin! (Pat a bit extra over any blemishes*—it's *medicated* to help heal them *fast!*)



3. Make-up base: In the morning, 'cream-wash'; then use Noxzema as a long-lasting powder base.

Works or money back! In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 with skin problems to have lovelier-looking skin! If you don't look lovelier in 10 days—return jar to Noxzema—Baltimore—money back! **externally-caused*

Look Lovelier Offer! 40¢ trial size only 29¢ plus tax. See how it helps your skin; then get 10 oz. economy jar only 98¢ plus tax—drug, cosmetic counters.

NOXZEMA skin cream

Dream of dreams come true!

now there's a real BENDIX for even less than lots of Wringer Washers!



only $169.95*

for a genuine work-free BENDIX



*MODEL WDN

It washes or rinses, drains, damp-dries, and shuts itself off . . . *automatically!*

- Does a full-sized 8-lb. wash, with new Super-Agitator cleaning action!
- Floataway-Flushaway draining keeps dirty washwater from straining back through clothes. New flexible Metexaloy Wondertub is so durable, it's guaranteed in writing for 5 full years! No wringers or spinners—it's safe! Portable . . . needs no special plumbing, no high water pressure, no wash tubs, no bolting down.
- Let your Bendix Dealer show you the magic way it works!

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES

PIONEER OF WORKLESS WASHDAY

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, AVCO Manufacturing Corp., Cincinnati 25, Ohio

just for the records

(*Continued from page 18*) like danceable records, RCA Victor has two new LP's by Ralph Flanagan. One is called "Freshman-Sophomore Frolic," the other "Junior-Senior Prom." Both, as the expression goes, were designed for dancing. If your taste is inclined to superb jazz, you had better hear Bob Manning's Capitol recording of "You Made Me Love You," which is on a 45 RPM single. Manning is a pleasant vocalist, but the excitement on this one is the incomparably soulful muted trumpet background by Bobby Hackett, who, you may remember, shared with Billy Butterfield the trumpet assignment for Burgess Meredith and Fred Astaire in *Second Chorus*.

EVERYBODY has been telling me that it wasn't Rita Hayworth but a girl named Greer who did the singing in *Miss Sadie Thompson*. They may be right. Ordinarily I would have checked the rumor with Rita, who is a forthright girl, but at the time it came to my attention, she and Dick Haymes seemed to have enough trouble. To me, it really doesn't much matter *who* did the actual singing. I just happened to enjoy it when I saw the movie. I enjoy it, as I'm sure you will equally as much, on the Mercury LP of "Miss Sadie Thompson." In addition to the voice of either Miss Hayworth or Miss Greer, it has some fine harmonica work by Leo Diamond, a magnificent jazz band (with a great trumpet player) in the song called "The Heat Is On," and a moving rendition by José Ferrer of "The 23rd Psalm." . . . At fairly regular intervals, Capitol puts out LP's called "Today's Top Hits." Nothing you'll play forever, but pleasant contemporary stuff on the order of Dean Martin's "That's Amore" and Kay Starr's "Change Partners." . . . The best Sinatra in a long, long while is his 45 RPM Capitol single of "Young At Heart." . . . My reports from the West Coast are unanimous in praising the songs Harold Arlen has written for Judy Garland in *A Star Is Born*. . . . The Trend label has an LP called "Jerry Fielding Plays A Dance Concert." Fielding, who is Groucho Marx' musical director, assembled able musicians and the result is great.

IN THE matter of equipment, the market is bountiful with good hi-fi machines. I've already mentioned the Libertyphone portable, but there can be no harm in reminding you that, at $99.50, it is a remarkable phonograph buy. Another splendid machine is the Birch, which costs around $90. It's a table model. If you're looking for something bigger, you might listen to the Libertyphone Chairside, which has, besides the phonograph, a remarkably efficient radio. It costs $379.50, but if you can afford it, it's well worth investigating. . . . If you're given to reading inspirational books, you'll be fascinated to hear that RCA Victor has recorded Norman Vincent Peale. The title, naturally, is "The Power Of Positive Thinking." . . . The Webster Company, which manufactures, among other things, the superb Webcor tape recorder, has sensibly gone into the record or, more exactly, the tape record business. So you can now buy tapes of selections to play—just as you buy records. I'll discuss some of them next month. **END**



Ava Gardner, star of M-G-M's CinemaScope production in color, "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE", *wears Bur-Mil Cameo nylons with exclusive Face Powder Finish.*

"Your legs need glamour...not glimmer"

says Ava Gardner. "Shiny stockings can make legs appear unshapely—rob them of glamour." When your stockings have a soft, freshly powdered look, you know that you look your Leg-O-Genic best. That's why Miss Gardner and other M-G-M stars wear Bur-Mil Cameo nylons. With Cameo's exclusive Face Powder Finish, you're sure of a misty dull loveliness that won't wear off, won't wash out.

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GREYHOUND

movie reviews

by florence epstein

PICTURE OF THE MONTH



Phil Silvers, star of *Top Banana,* made his first big hit in Broadway's *High Button Shoes,* also appeared in movies like *Cover Girl.* "Top Banana," in case you're wondering, is the show business term for the star comedian in a burlesque troupe. Phil started out originally as Third Banana.



The Slaves (chorus girls to you) and Talking Women in this United Artists hit are among Hollywood's and Broadway's most glamorous.



Nearsighted Phil complains he never gets a really good look at the girls, but doesn't mind tripping over them as long as it gets a laugh!

TOP BANANA. United Artists isn't like most major movie companies. It doesn't produce any pictures; it distributes them for other producers. Through the years Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Sam Goldwyn, David Selznick, John Huston, J. Arthur Rank and others have done business with U.A. Apparently, business has been good because this year United Artists celebrates its thirty-fifth anniversary and isn't even content to rest on its laurels. Instead, it offers *Top Banana* (among other films reviewed here). *Top Banana* was a hit on Broadway, and that's no wonder. Based on the activities of Jerry Biffle (Phil Silvers), TV's first comic, it's a study in hilarity. Aggressive, nervous, self-centered, a master of timing, Silvers displays mammoth energy as Biffle, star of the Blendo Soap Program. Always surrounded by a coterie of writers and paid admirers he gags his way through rehearsals, romance, commercials, public appearances and haircuts. All the oldest vaudeville jokes are in this movie but they're sparked to new life. The air is electric with the excitement of show business. Johnny Mercer wrote the music and lyrics. Cast includes Rose Marie, Danny School, Judy Lynn. Technicolor. Produced by Harry M. Popkin.

(*More reviews on page 24*)

"Don't Be Overweight!" says Mrs. Bob Hope



"Here's How You Can Lose Weight Easily and Pleasantly!"

No Drugs . . . No Diet . . . Results Guaranteed! Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box ($2.98) or your money back!

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New Loveliness in a Few Weeks. Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan. Get a box today!





Mrs. Bob Hope with her pet cocker spaniel, Princess. "Ayds has done just wonderful things for my figure," she says.



Mrs. Hope is an ardent golfer. She says: "You can lose weight easily and pleasantly if you follow the Ayds way."

Lovely women everywhere, including many Hollywood stars, follow the Ayds way. Get Ayds at your drug or department store.

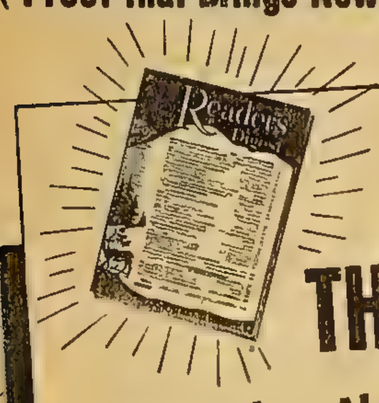
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5 QUICK FACTS FROM THE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE

"What About Anti-Enzyme Toothpastes?" December, 1953

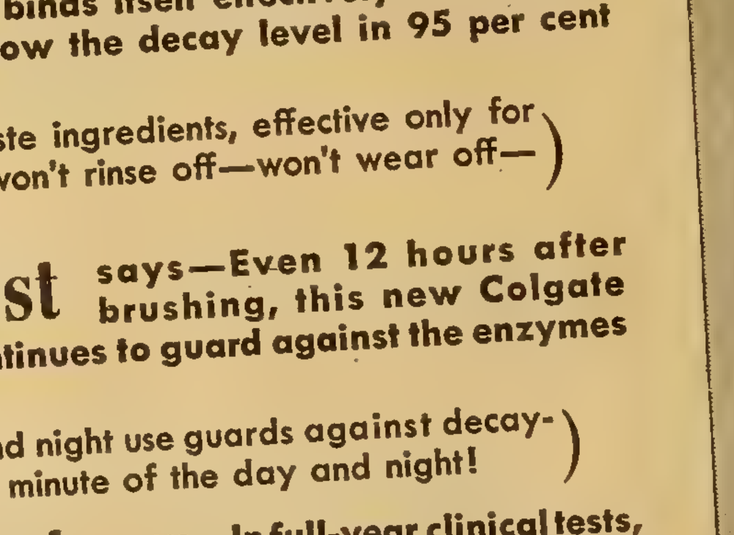
1. Reader's Digest says—The most effective anti-enzyme toothpaste ingredient tested was developed in the Colgate laboratories.
(It's Colgate's miracle ingredient Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate)—found in no other leading toothpaste!)

2. Reader's Digest says—One of the foremost dental authorities in the world proved that this ingredient binds itself effectively to the teeth —holds acid formation below the decay level in 95 per cent of cases tested.
(Unlike ordinary toothpaste ingredients, effective only for minutes, this protection won't rinse off—won't wear off— all day or all night!)

3. Reader's Digest says—Even 12 hours after brushing, this new Colgate anti-enzyme discovery continues to guard against the enzymes that cause tooth decay.
(Thus, regular morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!)

4. Reader's Digest says—In full-year clinical tests, supervised by leading dental authorities—4 out of 5 of the people who used New Colgate's with Gardol developed no new cavities at all!
(Distinguished dentists examined this evidence and agreed —New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against decay ever offered by any toothpaste!)

5. Reader's Digest says—New Colgate Dental Cream is the only toothpaste with clinical proof of its effectiveness in actually reducing the formation of new cavities.



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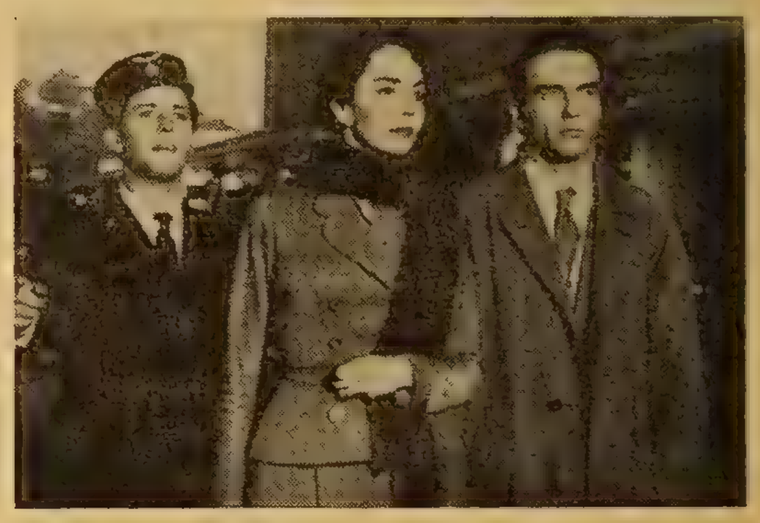
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RHAPSODY No greater love has Vittorio Gassman than his violin, which makes it hard for Elizabeth Taylor who won't play second fiddle. She'd like to set up house in some villa and reserve music for cocktails. Wealthy and willful, she follows Gassman to a conservatory in Zurich where her possessiveness ruins their relationship. Pianist John Ericson picks Liz up on the rebound. He's different from Gassman; he puts himself in Liz' hands and she proceeds to destroy him. This is the skeleton of *Rhapsody,* a romance touching on deep passions and examining the meaning of love. Flamboyant at times, suffering the lack of quiet sensitivity, it is nevertheless effective. It is also rich in music, offering among other shorter pieces, Tschaikowsky's *Concerto in D Major* (recorded by Michael Rabin) and Rachmaninoff's *Concerto No. 2 in C Minor* (recorded by Claudio Arrau). Technicolor—MGM.



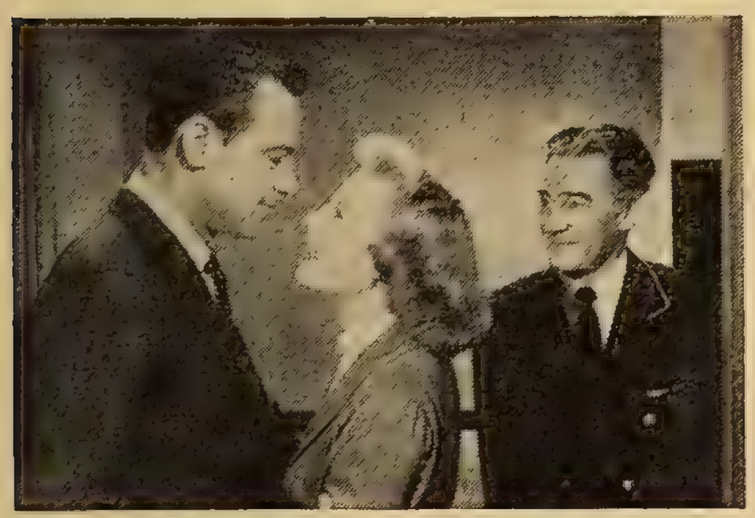
BEACHHEAD Marine sergeant Frank Lovejoy is a bitter man. He lost all but three of his platoon on Guadalcanal and blames himself alone. Now he's assigned to find a French planter (Eduard Franz) on an island near Bougainville, three days before the assault on Bougainville itself. If he locates the planter, who has information about mines, he'll save thousands of G.I. lives. Not helping his morale are Tony Curtis, Skippy Homeier and Alan Wells who form his party. Homeier and Wells don't complain much —they die too soon—but Curtis makes up for them. Crawling through brush, evading Japanese by the droves, killing a few, they come upon Mary Murphy in a blue cotton dress. Franz is her dad and romance is not her game—but you know those marines. Supermen. Anyway, if you want a treatment instead of a treat don't miss *Beachhead.* Technicolor. With Sunshine Fukunaga.—United Artists.



INDISCRETION OF AN AMERICAN WIFE This is Vittorio De Sica's first American language film. It was photographed in Rome in a terminal station. Patti Page sings a couple of haunting melodies, and then there's the story of an extra-marital adventure. By using extraneous but supposedly telling glimpses of life in a railroad station, De Sica strains for high drama but achieves little more than the framework of it. As a respectable Philadelphia housewife, Jennifer Jones uses her mobile face to interesting but rarely convincing effect. She has fallen in love with an Italian college instructor, Montgomery Clift, who begs her to begin life anew with him. The film opens with her saying goodbye and not for one moment do you doubt she means it. But she misses her train and while waiting for a later one becomes involved in various episodes that comment on their love situation. With Bick Beymer.—Col.



SASKATCHEWAN The Canadian mountains are advertisement enough for *Saskatchewan.* Get tired of looking on the cruel face of Marshal Smith (Hugh O'Brian) you have only to lift your eyes to the range beyond. But in the valley, oh, there is trouble. With Indians. The Sioux that slaughtered Custer are crossing the border to wreak havoc among the Canadian Mounted Police of which Alan Ladd is a foremost member. Ladd is a great friend of the Cree tribe who were peace loving until a new Mountie commander (Robert Douglas) confiscated their guns (used exclusively on game). Now they're ready to join the Sioux. Ready to join Ladd in holy matrimony is Shelley Winters who's been making her way north to escape a murder charge. Marshal Smith has come to fetch her. What with falling for Shelley and putting down a massacre almost singlehandedly Ladd sees plenty of action.—U-I.



EXECUTIVE SUITE When the big boss of a business empire expires there's always a scramble for his chair. And in the struggle for supremacy his potential successors unwittingly lay themselves bare. Slick, suspenseful and expertly acted, *Executive Suite* deals with this struggle. William Holden, Fredric March, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Douglas, Dean Jagger —vice-presidents all—must choose a leader among themselves. It is a crucial decision; it is the moment in their lives which is the summing up and the forecast of their futures. Each man is in a way a stereotype, but a good script and the aforementioned acting lift *Executive Suite* out of the "too pat" class and throw real light on human nature. As wives and sweethearts, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, Shelley Winters, Virginia Brissac add substance to this portrait of men in industry. So do entrepreneur Louis Calhern and devoted secretary Nina Foch.—MGM



TENNESSEE CHAMP A Runyon-esque flavor laces this fable of a fighter (Dewey Martin) who's a "believer" and his manager (Keenan Wynn) who's a finagler. Escaping from a poker session where he took the pot (while no one was looking) Keenan races for the Mississippi River and there finds a watered Dewey. Dewey threw himself into the stream on the assumption that he'd just murdered Sixty Jubel (Charles Buchinsky). When Keenan rescues him Dewey is sure he's seen the hand of God. This same hand leads him into the prize ring where his soon notorious Sunday punch rakes in the dough for church and Keenan. Dewey's religious fervor spreads to Shelley Winters (Wynn's wife) who struggles to keep her man from robbing his protégé. Earl Holliman, a gem of sluggish mentality wedded to an undersized harmonica, is most amusing as ex-boxer Happy Jackfield. Technicolor—MGM

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Made of Non-Allergenic "Living" Latex. Water-proof.

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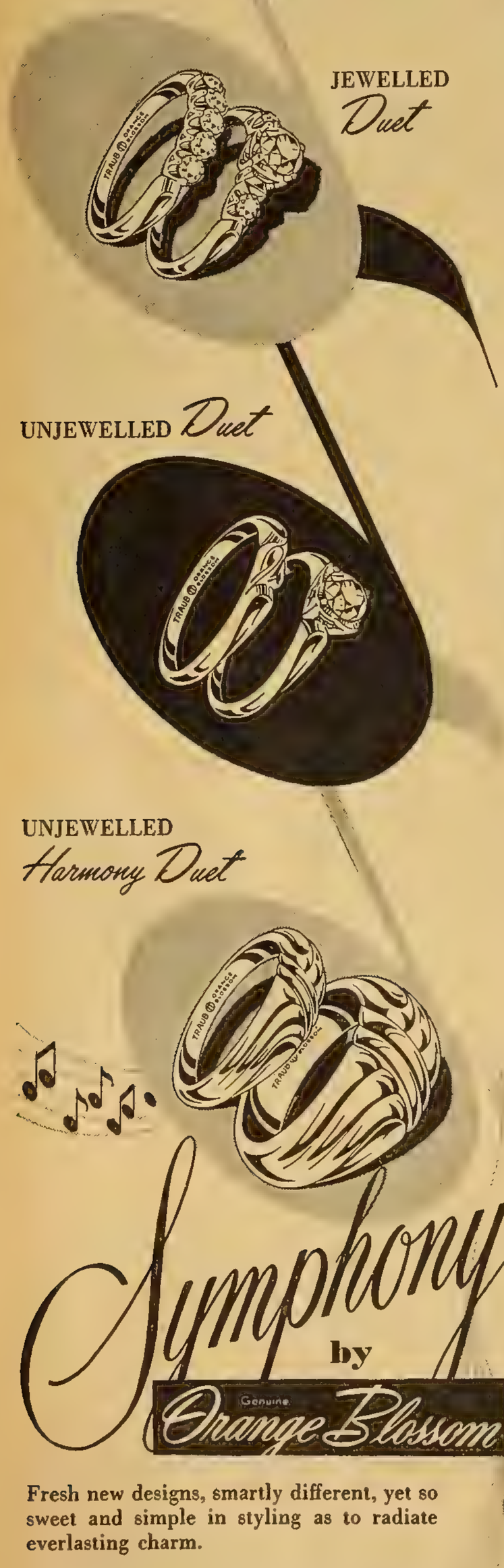
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BEAT THE DEVIL Somewhere in the Mediterranean are a group of people so odd, so droll, so delightfully abandoned they must come from the pen of Truman Capote. They do. And John Huston directed *Beat The Devil,* a fantastically funny film. Humphrey Bogart and wife Gina Lollobrigida are delayed in a town on their way to Africa. Also delayed are Bogart's business associates—four bloodless, bombastic fakers—Robert Morley, Marco Tulli, Peter Lorre, Ivor Barnard. Delayed, too, are Jennifer Jones, a congenital liar of the utmost charm and her snobbish husband Edward Underdown. The associates are headed for African uranium deposits. Meanwhile the movie moves very matter of factly through outrageous events like murder, larceny, shipwreck and plain lunacy. Jennifer woos Humphrey; Gina stalks Underdown; an Arab police chief (Gulio Donnini) sells justice for an introduction to Rita Hayworth. Go see it!—United Artists



RIOT IN CELL BLOCK 11 Filmed in the vast cell blocks of Folsom State Prison, utilizing hundreds of actual inmates for the mob scenes, *Riot In Cell Block 11* is grimly realistic. As entertainment it is exciting, unusual fare, but its more serious purpose is to awaken taxpayers to the burden they share; the burden of rehabilitating criminals who are also human beings. Herded together by the simple fact that they have broken the law are psychopaths, perverts, scarred old men, young boys, morons and intellects. Rehabilitation in an atmosphere so charged with disorder—and often with neglect—becomes a meaningless word. The rioters demand a new penal policy. Their outburst is brutal, desperate and frightening and brings out the militia. Nothing is accomplished, the leader (Neville Brand) draws an extra thirty years to his sentence, but at least the public has been alerted. With Emile Meyer, Leo Gordon, Robert Osterloh, Frank Faylen.—Allied Artists



NEW FACES *New Faces* won Broadway with its clever appeal and its—until then—unknown talent. Now 20th Century-Fox brings this musical revue, more or less intact, to the screen. They've added a plot line too feeble to be harmful. The line is: will showgirl Coocoo Clayborn's father fork over some dough before the creditors arrive? Coocoo (Virginia DeLuce) is a vast, luscious, stagestruck blonde whose dad happily struck oil in Texas. Meanwhile there's Eartha Kitt turning "Monotonous" into a love call and slinking through several other songs—like *"C'est Si Bon"*—that made her famous. There are Ronny Graham, Alice Ghostly and Paul Lynde who separately and together (in a skit burlesquing *Death Of A Salesman*) are hilarious. There are French singer Robert Clary, June Carroll and a chorus and dancers all of whom perform vibrantly against artistic settings. Technicolor.—20th-Fox



TAZA, SON OF COCHISE Taza (Rock Hudson), son of newly dead Cochise, has a thorn in his side. That's kid brother Bart Roberts who wants to steal his girl (Barbara Rush) and strew the west with scalps. Rock makes a deal with army captain Gregg Palmer. Let Indians punish Indians, he says, and there'll be peace. Okay, says the captain. But kid brother and Barbara's old man Grey Eagle (Morris Ankrum) plan to liquidate that captain. Apaches have become nothing but sissies, they say, we want out of this reservation, we want war. And when Geronimo (Ian MacDonald) is set to pasture on the reservation he nearly loses his mind. War it is and who does General Robert Burton blame? Taza, natch. And who saves General Robert Burton when he is about to be parted from life? T—a. After the massacre, though, comes peace—because who's left standing to pull the trigger? 3-D, Technicolor—U-I.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THE LONG, LONG TRAILER (*MGM*): Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz star in this happy, hilarious tale of honeymooners on a trailer trip. A natural for everyone who loves Lucy and her zany ways. *Technicolor.*

MAN IN THE ATTIC (*20th-Fox*): Jack Palance as Jack the Ripper—and what could make a more terrifying combination? Constance Smith is around, as scared as the audience, and Byron Palmer is there, too, to see that everything comes out all right.

RED GARTERS (*Paramount*): This take-off on a horse-opera has Rosemary Clooney, Guy Mitchell, Pat Crowley, Joanne Gilbert, Jack Carson, Gene Barry, Technicolor and music. You want more? Well, it's funny, too!

KING OF THE KHYBER RIFLES (*20th-Fox*): Action, romance, sandstorms and blood make this one exciting. Those involved are Tyrone Power, Terry Moore and Michael Rennie—all as good as you'd expect. CinemaScope, too.

THE GLENN MILLER STORY (*U-I*): A tender, moving tribute to the memory of a great bandleader, this film will let you laugh and cry to your heart's content. Jimmy Stewart does a great job as Miller, and June Allyson, as the girl he married, contributes a delightful performance. If you liked Miller's music, you'll love the soundtrack. Louis Armstrong and Gene Krupa help out. Technicolor.

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU (*Col.*): One of the most delightful comedies of the normal (that's 2-D) screen, this one stars Judy Holliday as a startlingly average girl who indulges her craving for fame by renting a huge billboard and emblazoning her name thereon! Peter Lawford plays the worried representative of a soap company desperately in need of the billboard and Jack Lemmon is the young man who loved Judy before she was famous.

ACT OF LOVE (*U.A.*): This is the poignant story of a soldier and a girl who meet and love in a world of blackmarkets, police and war. Kirk Douglas is excellent as the G.I. who offers shelter to the frightened Lisa (Dany Robin) and tries to protect their romance in the face of impossible odds. Irwin Shaw wrote the fine script.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE (*MGM*): Mel Ferrer as King Arthur, ruling the heroic Knights; Ava Gardner as Queen Guinevere ruling the romantic heart of Sir Launcelot (Robert Taylor). Also decorative in costume, CinemaScope and Technicolor are Ann Crawford and Maureen Swanson.

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Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)
Director Conover School

cashmere bouquet

INDELIBLE-TYPE LIPSTICK

Super-Creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet



(*Continued from page 4*)

A. *Doris does not dislike Hope but she will no longer play "straight lady" to him on radio or* TV *shows.*

Q. Will Mario Lanza ever work in Hollywood movies again?
—C.O., Biloxi, Miss.

A. *Not until he convinces producers that he is in sound mental and physical health.*

Q. Isn't Maureen O'Hara's secret Mexican crush millionaire Luis Parra?
—N.F., Tiajuana, Mexico

A. *Maureen is extremely fond of Señor Parra.*

Q. I've read that RKO plans to remake the old Astaire-Rogers musicals. Will Astaire and Rogers star in these again? —W.L., Boulder, Col.

A. *The scripts are being rewritten and will feature new stars.*

Q. I understand that there'll be no more 3-D pictures. Why is this? I like them! Only for this would I wear glasses. —B.I., New York, N. Y.

A. *3-D films will continue to be made until the industry agrees on one photographic system.*

Q. Why has Clark Gable refused to sign a new contract with MGM, the company which gave him his start?
—C.U., Rollins, Va.

A. *Gable wants more time and money for himself.*

Q. Lena Horne is colored and her husband Lennie Hayton is white. How does Hollywood accept this mixed marriage?
—F.J., Biloxi, Miss.

A. *Mr. and Mrs. Hayton are accepted calmly.*

Q. Why doesn't Zsa Zsa Gabor ever pose with her child?
—T.R., Las Vegas, Calif.

A. *She thinks such photos might damage the impression of perennial glamour she seeks to convey.*

Q. I understand that before he fell in love with Ingrid Bergman, the Italian director Roberto Rossellini was so much in love with Marilyn Buferd, Miss America of 1946, that he gave her a pair of earrings and an antique bracelet worth more than $10,000. Does Miss Buferd still have this jewelry?
—V.E., Rome, Italy.

A. *On returning to the United States, Miss Buferd inadvertently failed to declare this jewelry. Customs officials in New York appraised the gifts from Rossellini at $60.*



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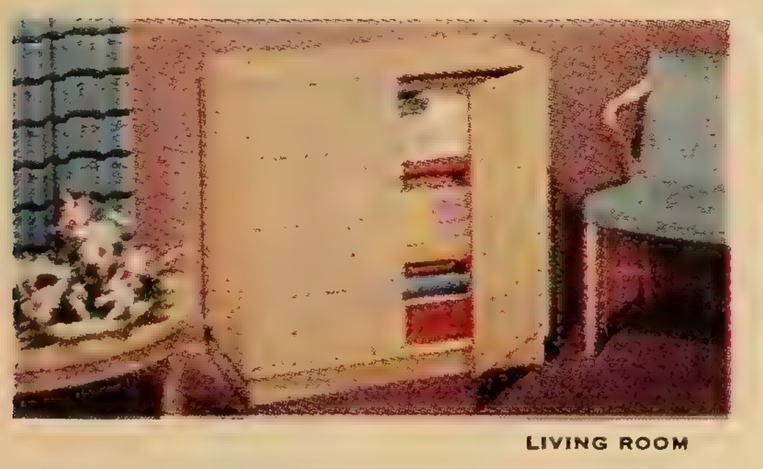
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Modern Console in blond oak. Interior drawer, adjustable shelves. Consoles also in other styles. Model C-108—$99.95.*



FOYER

Handsome 18th-Century Chest in rich mahogany with Lane's convenient self-lifting tray. Model #2601—$59.95.*



BEDROOM

Streamlined Modern in matched American walnut and paldao wood. Self-lifting tray. Model #3024—$49.95.*



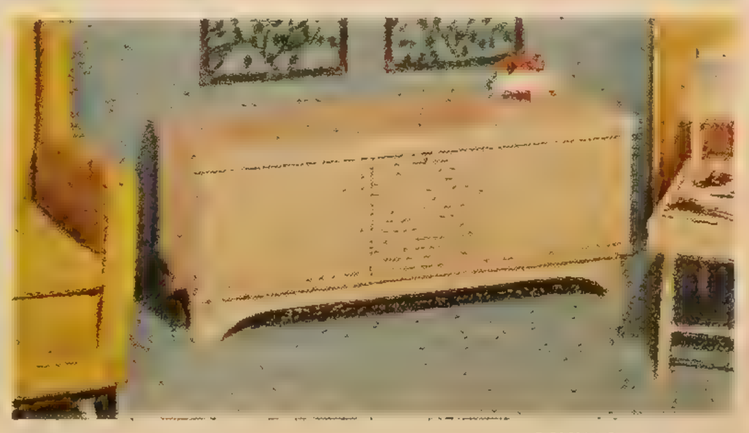
FOYER

Stunning Modern in American walnut. Self-lifting tray. Model #3008. Gray walnut, #3009; Seafoam mahogany, #3022. $59.95.*



LIVING ROOM

Arresting Modern in Seafoam mahogany. Drawer in base; self-lifting tray. Model #2925—$69.95.* Lane Table, #257.



LIVING ROOM

Attractive Modern in blond oak. Model #3027. Also in Seafoam mahogany, #3046; walnut,#3028.Each$49.95.*LaneTable,#437.

4 for the price of 3!

So pure, so mild! Yet, 4 cakes of Personal Size Ivory cost about the same as 3 cakes of other leading toilet soaps!





Count 'em . . .
one, two, three, four!
Only Ivory gives you
one cake more!
Get pure, mild Ivory . . .
Personal Size!

America's Best Beauty Buy!

A PRETTY CAKE FOR A PRETTIER YOU!

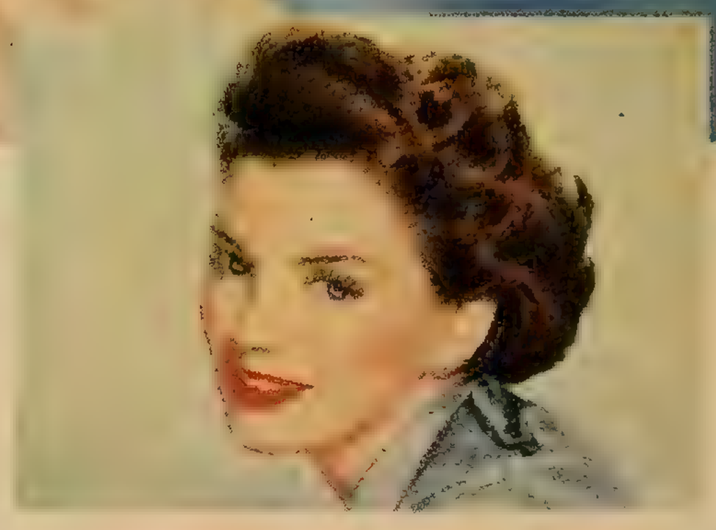
See how dainty this Personal Size Ivory is? As you know, it's the handy toilet-soap size of pure, mild Ivory. Beautifies your bathroom—and oh, what nice things Ivory does for your complexion, too! No wonder it's the most famous skin care in the world—this gentle Ivory care!

99 44/100% pure...it floats



NEW BEAUTY IN A WEEK— THAT IVORY LOOK!

More doctors advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than any other! So change to regular care and use Personal Size Ivory. In one week you'll have a softer, smoother, younger-looking complexion—*That Ivory Look!*



THE BEST BEAUTY CARE IS THE THRIFTIEST, TOO!

Just think, you get *four* cakes of Personal Size Ivory for about the same price as *three* cakes of other leading toilet soaps! Better pick up a supply of *your* Personal Size Ivory this very day. It's your best beauty buy.

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!

Let the welkin ring!
Lawford the elusive
is about to become a groom—
caught by the one girl
who ran the other way!

BY SUSAN TRENT

PETE'S PAT



Pat Kennedy, daughter of the former Ambassador to England, sister of Senator John Kennedy of Massachusetts, is the girl.

■ Joseph P. Kennedy, former United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, has announced the betrothal of his daughter, Patricia, to Peter Lawford.

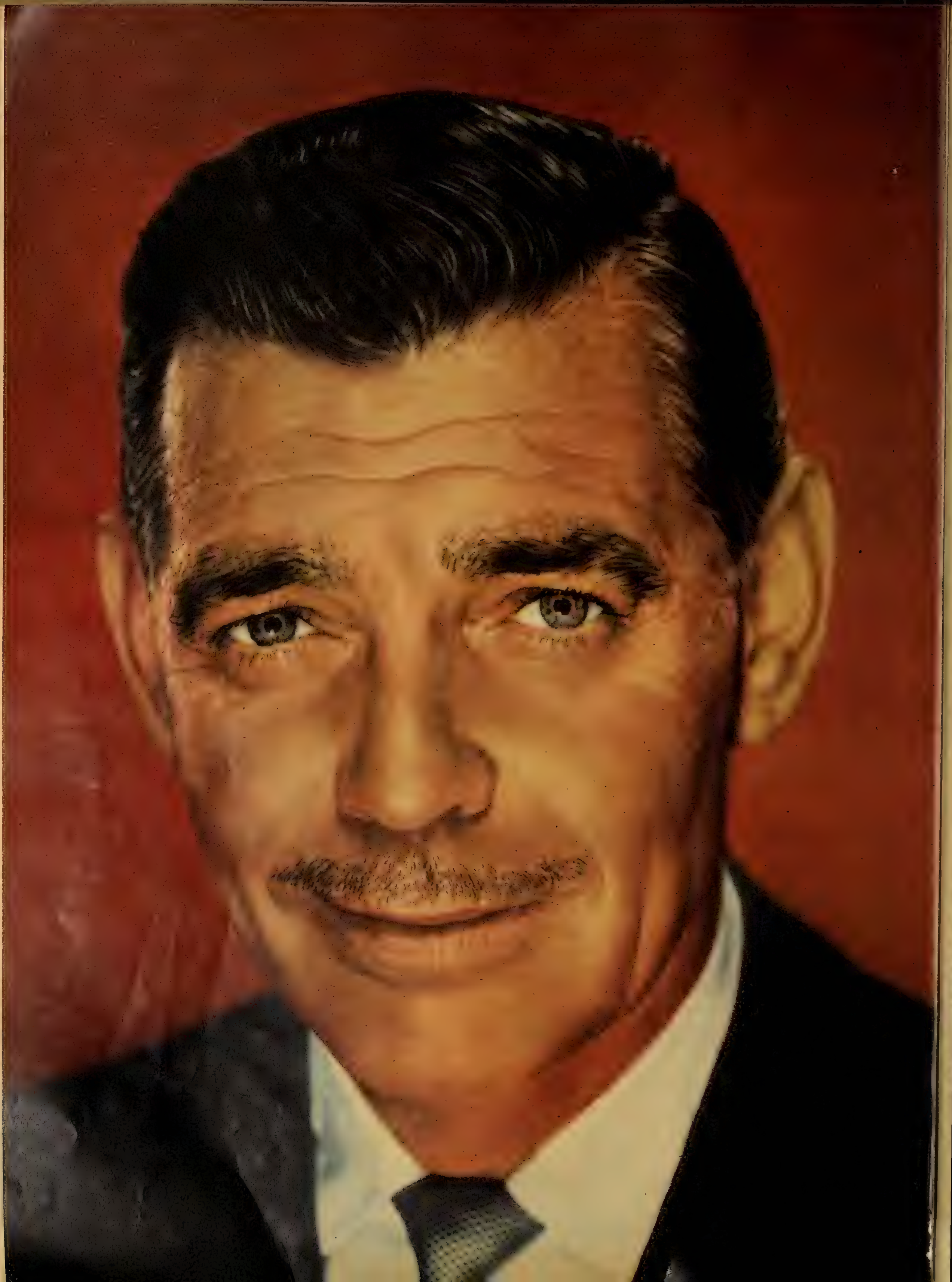
This announcement comes as no surprise to Hollywood. For months, Pete has been pursuing Pat Kennedy back and forth across the continent. His denial of any serious intentions was simply put down to Pete's conservatism and to his insistence on impeccable behavior. Naturally, he would wait for the first announcement of his engagement to come from the bride's family. One day before Mr. Kennedy's announcement, Pete told MODERN SCREEN, "Pat and I have been friends for years. There is definitely no romance. No romance at all."

Why had he been spending all of his spare time with Miss Kennedy? (Pete has had a lot of spare time. Since Metro dropped him last year, he has been in only one picture—*It Should Happen To You,* a sparkling comedy with Judy Holliday.)

"All of that," Pete answered, "is pure coincidence."

But he was unconvincing. Pat Kennedy has been working for NBC television in New York and with *Family Theatre* in Hollywood. Pete has been commuting cross-country. Hardly any man does that kind of thing casually, and it didn't seem characteristic of Pete Lawford. Pat and Pete were often seen together down at the beach in Santa Monica; Pete drove to the Beverly Hills Hotel every day to pick up Pat; they were often together at cocktail parties in Bel-Air.

Apparently, it took (*Continued on page 85*)



by Louella Parsons

Hollywood's most famous reporter felt like a prying D.A. but when Louella finished with Clark she had a full confession.

Gable and his girls

■ There never will be another Mrs. Clark Gable!

"I'll never marry again," Clark told me, quietly. And then he smiled, "But I shall always enjoy the company of lovely ladies."

As disheartening as this news will be to the femmes who consider The King the most attractive man on the screen and the dozens of beauties all over the world who would love to become Mrs. Gable Number Five, the statement was made by Mr. G. himself with almost cheerful finality on the unseasonably hot day in February when he came a visitin'.

Seemingly completely oblivious of the death-knell he was sounding to millions of feminine daydreams, he went on, "Oh, yes, frequently I am lonely. But as my life lines up today, as I see my future, I never expect to marry again."

I looked at Clark as he is today. He might have been a ruddy Englishman dropped in for a spot of tea. He had arrived at my house correctly garbed for the afternoon in a sports coat of brown-checked tweed (heat and all), with a deep tan and looking the picture of health and vigor.

It had been at least two years since we had seen each other. And yet, so deep is our friendship and of such long standing, that it might have been just yesterday that I had seen Clark or interviewed him for a Sunday story or just chatted as we frequently did when he dropped in for a social call.

I've known The King the full twenty-four years he has been in California. It would be silly to say that he has not changed greatly—particularly in the past few years when he has added a high continental polish to the basic he-man appeal he has always had.

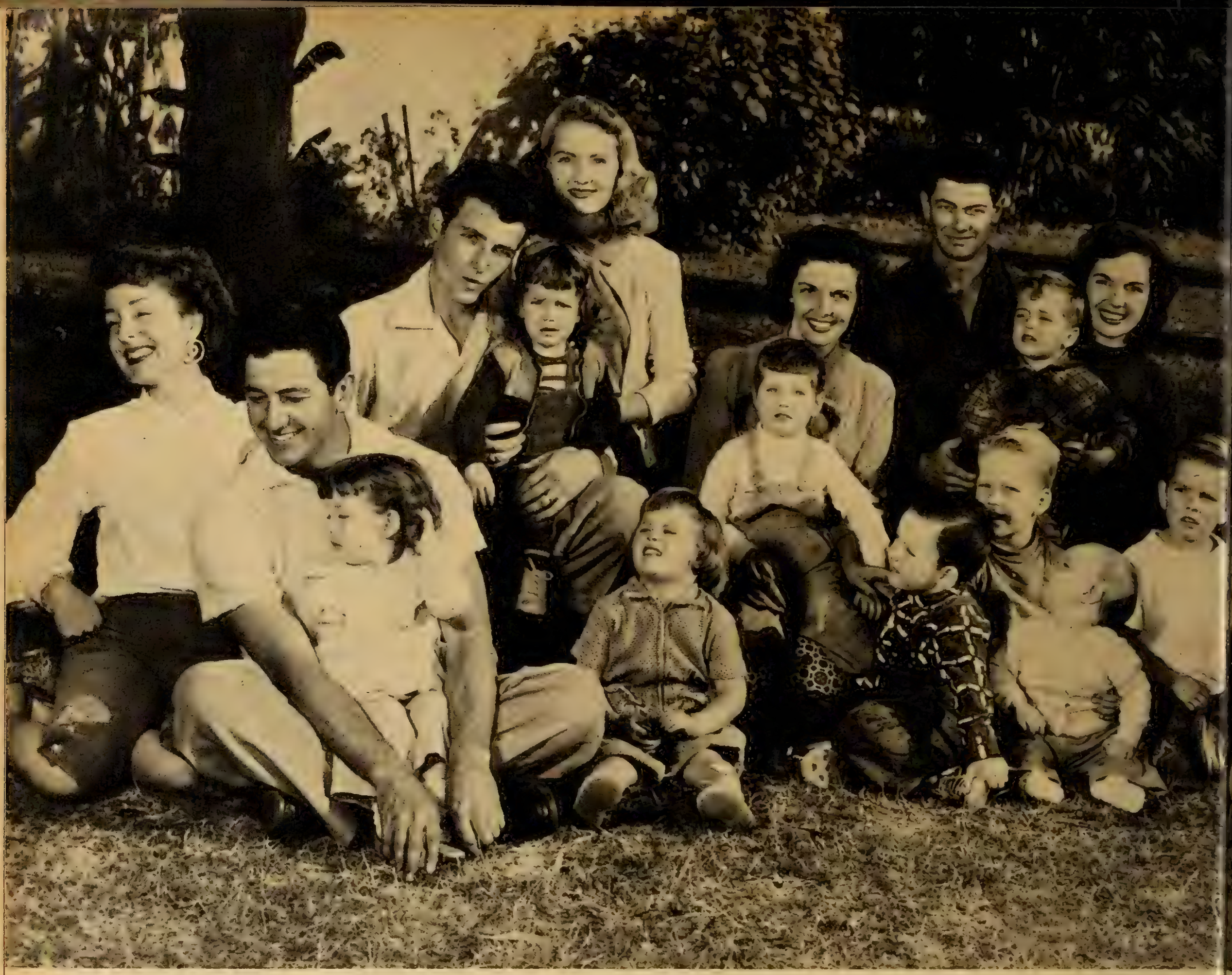
Clark has spent the last twenty-four months working and traveling in Europe. He now speaks French like a native. He talks interestingly of the many countries he has visited and the great experiences he has had.

But I was of a mind to concentrate particularly on his highly publicized experiences with the beautiful ladies.

The King laughed when I persisted in asking about beautiful blonde Grace Kelly (the new Hollywood sensation) with whom Clark was supposed to have (*Continued on page 79*)



Good friend Louella feels that Clark has never forgotten Carole, needs a woman adept at giving, not taking, in love.



That's Jane in the middle. She is holding her daughter Tracy; the boy in the checked shirt is her son Tommy. Left to right are brothers Tom, Wally, Jamie

■ A first-time visitor to Ma Russell's acreage out in the San Fernando Valley must come away completely exhausted and more than a little bug-eyed. He couldn't possibly take it all in during a single visit. "It's a rabbit hutch," muttered one unnerved individual as he crept away.

The family of Jane Russell tells this on itself with huge delight. They couldn't care less if they really lived in a rabbit hutch and, besides, they thought it was a pretty fair description. Undulating in and about two small houses and the chapel which is the heart of their existence are Mother Russell, ninety-year-old Great-aunt Jane, the four Russell boys, their wives, ten small children and assorted dogs. Except for Great-aunt Jane, who entertains herself by reading the obituaries of people far younger, they are all terribly active. When she isn't making a picture, daughter Jane and her two young ones add to the energetic population as much as possible—and, of course, there are always other people drifting about the premises for spiritual solace, for a handout, or simply because they've fallen under the spell of the oddball Russells.

"They're the most wonderful people in the world," commented a friend who could, by temperament, easily be blood kin to them. She added without any change of expression, "I went up to see Mother Russell right after I got out of the insane asylum, and the first person I saw was Jamie, out in the yard. He hollered, 'Hey, here comes the crazy girl!' and that was that.

"You don't see anything particularly wonderful about it? That's the Russell approach to everything: bring it out into the open. Secret things are bad things, secret wounds fester, so they don't have any. When I got out of the insane asylum, everybody but the Russells avoided the subject like the plague. So, for a long time, they were the only people I felt comfortable with."

As it happens, the girl had merely suffered a nervous breakdown—but if she had gone completely off her rocker, she'd be right at home with the Russell family. They're all crazy, too. It's a pleasurable state of mind which they enjoy except for the inconvenience that Jane's career has caused them. "I'm a character," admits Kenny, her second brother, without a trace of self-consciousness. "I've been one all my life, and nobody noticed a thing until Daughter became a movie star. After that, I had to watch myself. When I was being perfectly natural, people accused me of showing off because I was Jane Russell's

Meet Jane Russell's screwy, scrappy, scrumptious brothers and the lovely lunatics they married. Meet them—and duck!

BY STEVE CRONIN

they're all CRAZY!



and Kenny; each surrounded by wife and kids.

brother. It was enough to inhibit anybody—except me, I guess."

The Russells now live—or, at least, poise momentarily—in the citrus grove of what was originally the family estate. Standing at Ma's or Jamie's front door, they can look over at the huge hacienda that was the home of their childhood, sold after the death of Father Russell because there was no money left to maintain it. The house and five acres of land went, the Palomino saddle horses, the children's ponies and most of the stock. Being Russells, the family neither avoids looking at the big house nor cares a whit that it no longer belongs to them. Being Russells, they're too busy living it up in the present to brood about the past.

Although Jane controlled her brothers by systematically belting the daylights out of them, Ken was (*Continued on page 88*)





you gotta elevate!

IT'S FINE TO BE PRETTY BOY ON TOP, BOB SAYS, BUT YOU HAVE TO BE PRETTY GOOD TO STAY THERE!

by Jack Wade

■ "You know," said Bob Wagner, "I'm the luckiest guy in the whole town. And," he added, "I'm on about the roughest spot."

"Come again?" I puzzled. "What did you say?"

Bob grinned. He's got a great grin, simply great. It's a grin that would charm a cobra before it could spread a hood. "Come on over to my room," he said, "and we'll put on some music. I can talk then. It soothes the savage beast."

"Breast," I corrected.

"For me," he kidded, "it has to be beast!"

I had dropped in on R. J. out at his film factory, Twentieth Century-Fox, as I like to do every now and then to check up on the progress of my favorite boy. I like Bob, and I always have. I first met him in the days when he was just another handsome young Hollywood Joe hoping to get started in this acting business. His folks were taking care of him and the most serious concern he had in the world was trying to talk Debbie Reynolds into a date and straightening out his two-iron pokes at the Bel-Air Country Club.

Lately, the dropping in had gotten a little tougher. In fact, this trip I'd waited about a month before I could catch up with Wagner. So I wondered if some of the sharpies around town could possibly be right; that is, that all this swoon star business which has suddenly seized Bob by the seat of his slacks was making a very nice fellow impossible to get at and more impossible to get along with. I didn't believe it, but a reporter has to find out those things for himself.

I had asked Bob right off how he was doing and he came back with that cryptic crack. Furthermore, I seemed to notice that his old faithful smile buttoned itself down again in a straight line a little more quickly than it used to. Could he have problems?

Bob loosened (*Continued on page 64*)

MODERN SCREEN went with Bob and Mona Freeman for a day at the races



Bob took fellow star Mona Freeman to the races but prefers to date private. "I've got swell girls stashed away," he claims happily.



Always well-dressed, Bob likes custom-made clothes—and admits that he spends too much for them.



Racing fan Bob tried unsuccessfully to buy a horse. Now he asks, "Well, what would I do with him? My eardrum hurts when I bounce."



Hotdogs are fine at the races, but, to his own surprise, Bob usually finds himself eating at Romanoff's.



Enjoying the relative privacy of the races, Bob is worried by girls who mob him in the streets. He'd prefer them to mob his films.



No more silly photos or publicity love affairs, Bob announced, as he embraced Mona for the camera!

BEGRIMED, BOTHERED AND BEWILDERED ARE



Startled by unexpected crowds when they landed at Tokyo Airport, Marilyn and Joe climbed out of the plane, ducked back and finally came out again—smiling bravely for photographers.



At Tokyo Army Hospital, Camp Tokyo, Marilyn chatted with a Japanese employee, Miss Taeko Fukagawa. Later she was given a Japanese movie magazine—with her picture on the cover!

THE DI MAGGIOS—THEY DIDN'T THINK ANYONE WOULD EVER RECOGNIZE THEM IN JAPAN!



Marilyn was mobbed and presented with flowers by thousands of cheering Japanese admirers while Joe and baseball coach Lefty O'Doul (with hand upraised) got their first taste of playing second fiddle.



Surrounded by cameramen, questioned by over eighty reporters, Marilyn posed at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo with her eyes on her husband—who was interviewed by four worshipful sports writers.



Marilyn and Joe planned a secret visit to a tiny fishing village but the harassed pair were accompanied by the press as they strolled through the town, smiling and trying unsuccessfully to talk to the inhabitants.



In the Tokyo Army Hospital Marilyn kissed S 1/C James W. Riley of Greenboro, North Carolina. To visit one wounded G.I., forced to lie face down, Marilyn stretched out on the floor, looked up.

marilyn and joe:

who turned love's dream into a free-for-all?

■ Marilyn Monroe's honeymoon began in the restful, secluded, rustic fashion typical of honeymoons.

Her attorney, Lloyd Wright, insisted that she and Joe spend a week or two at his summer estate in Idylwild, a peaceful mountain village overlooking the desert resort of Palm Springs. There they stayed for the ten days after their hectic marriage in January.

They romped in the snow, swam in the pool, took sunbaths and rides into the desert. In Marilyn's words, "We had the most wonderful time." This, while hundreds of photographers and reporters were searching for them everywhere.

Once Marilyn and Joe left the safety of their mountain hideout, their honeymoon became a free-for-all, a colossal clambake involving agents, baseball players, 20th Century-Fox, the U.S. Army, Japan and millions of movie fans.

Marilyn and Joe Di Maggio planned a quiet honeymoon. They are both shy and retiring. The last thing in the world they wanted was to make their wedding trip the object of international reporting. *(Continued on page 41)*

continued

MARILYN VISITS KOREA:



Traveling in slacks, Marilyn took a helicopter to the First Marine Division area where she performed for 13,000 Marines.



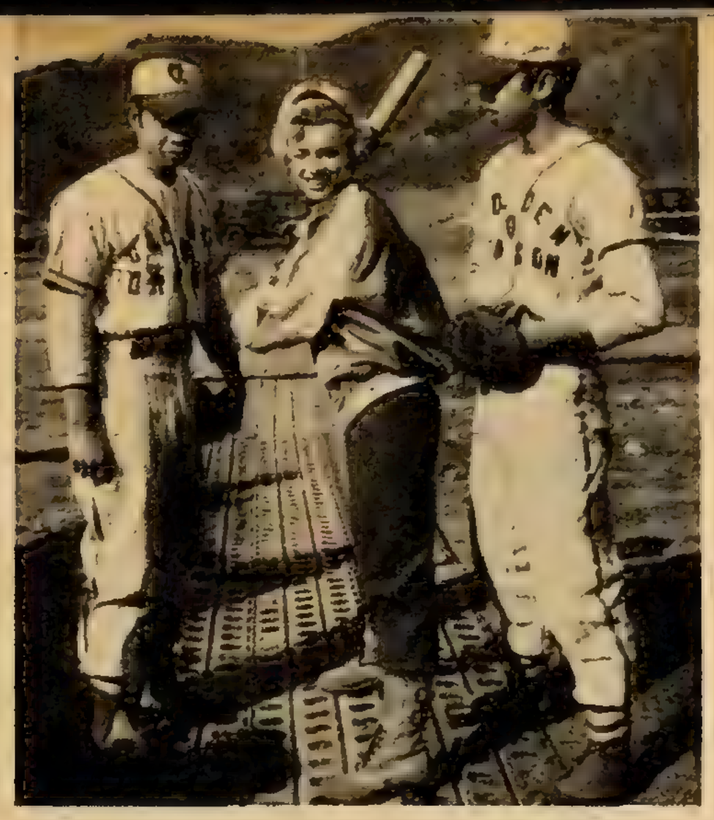
Pleased Army cooks reported that Marilyn was "just great—she eats anything!" In three days in Korea, Marilyn gave ten performances with the Special Services show, *Anything Goes*.

CHEERFULLY, MARILYN DONATED PART OF HER HARRIED HONEYMOON TO TOURING KOREA IN A COCKTAIL





At Cuchon Air Force Base Marilyn discarded her famous purple cocktail dress, draped herself in a tub for the benefit of delighted Air Force photographers.



She posed obligingly with two members of the "Golden Dragons," the 25th Division baseball team, but offered no batting hints.



Two 7th Division G.I.'s tacked up a commemorative sign after Marilyn's departure. They had politely removed Monroe calendars.

DRESS, CAUSED A NEAR-RIOT AMONG BATTLE-HARDENED G.I.'S WHO CLAIMED WAR WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!



(*Continued from page* 39) Somehow they got caught in the web of circumstance and before they knew it they were living their private life in public.

After their memorable stay in Idylwild, Joe flew to New York to transact business with his attorneys, and Marilyn secretly slipped into Hollywood.

She read the script of *Pink Tights* and decided not to do the picture. That is, not unless the script were completely rewritten. *Pink Tights* had been made once before under the title *Coney Island,* and Marilyn simply felt that "it wasn't for me."

While Marilyn was hiding in Hollywood, talking only to her business manager, her agent, and one or two favored friends, Joe was talking on the phone to Lefty O'Doul in San Francisco.

One of the great baseball players of the century, Lefty had not only given Joe his first opportunity in organized baseball, but he had always remained a staunch friend. Joe had confided to him his intention to marry Marilyn, and Lefty had said, "Why don't you have your honeymoon in Japan? I'm going over there in a couple of weeks to coach. Why don't you and Marilyn come along? The Japanese people respect privacy. You can have a great time."

Since this happened a few days before the wedding, Joe didn't want to commit himself.

"I don't know," he said. "Marilyn is supposed to make another picture and, well, we'll see what comes up."

What came up was Marilyn's refusal to do *Pink Tights* and her subsequent suspension by the studio, giving her all the free time she cared to take. When Joe heard from Marilyn that she wasn't going into another film immediately, he and O'Doul began setting plans for the trip to the Orient. (*Continued on page 95*)



Moments of peace were rare for the newlyweds when Marilyn rejoined Joe on Japan's inland sea near Hiroshima—and found photographers waiting even there.



1.

1. Relaxing at Palm Springs with friend Anne Francis, Mitzi finds that her well-developed muscles require constant attention.

2. Will power was essential for dieting. Finding her own unreliable, Mitzi shrewdly enlisted the aid of a watchful waiter.

3. New, slim figure brought new, sleek clothes, whole new personality to Mitzi, who now feels very sophisticated, very 21.

MITZI'S MIRACLE

Here are the very first pictures of the new Mitzi Gaynor— minus twenty-five pounds, plus a sleek new shape to her personality!



3.



2

by Imogene Collins

■ Almost all stories about Hollywood's incredible personality changes are apocryphal. They are illustrated by tricked-up photos, a blonde or brunette hair dye and sketchy instructions on how Miss Average Girl may go and do likewise. This is something Miss Average Girl seldom does because she is blessed with more intelligence than Hollywood press agents suspect. She may not be a world-beating enchantress, but what she has is better than what she might have if she followed a lot of ridiculous blueprints offered by a publicity-hungry actress.

A single exception to a (*Continued on page 44*)

More pictures on page 44





That's me 4 months ago?



It simply couldn't be!



I mean, I was actually fat!

Easy come is not easy go where poundage is concerned. But Mitzi found that if you watch the ounces, the pounds eventually take care of themselves.



Fiancé Jack Bean dieted with Mitzi. Together they feasted on butterless vegetable plates, wept into their low-calorie soft drinks, until joyful Jack lost 15 pounds. Mitzi's miracle diet list is on page 62.

(*Continued from page 42*) rule that has been in force ever since the first Quick Movie Diet and Fast Leap to Loveliness was invented, is provided by this girl named Mitzi Gaynor.

"I had to do *something*," she recalls. "A little over a year ago, in March, 1953, to be exact, my appendix and I parted company. When my head cleared after the operation I found myself with a ravenous appetite. As soon as they'd let me I ate everything in sight. In a matter of days I'd gained fifteen pounds.

"It's a funny thing. When you're growing up your parents will let you take ballet lessons or acrobatic dancing. They'd even let you play right halfback on the football team if you could find one that would take girls. Both mother and dad are delighted to help fulfill your girlish ambitions.

"The only trouble is that they don't know, and neither do you, that as you become a girl athlete you develop some pretty strong muscles that are going to become a headache unless you plan a career as a lady wrestler. *Or*, unless you can combine the same determination you had in the beginning with some sensible ideas on diet, clothes planning, hairdo and such, not necessarily in that order."

The most important among the few more items mentioned by Mitzi is will power. This differs from determination. You can be determined for ten seconds and then lose your will power to carry on that determination. The nice thing about will power is that it is always inside you, but sometimes slow to wake up to its full strength. When that happens, sometimes you can borrow someone else's will power to tide you over.

That has happened to Mitzi, most frequently at the (*Continued on page 62*)

TWICE, HIS FAITH HAS SAVED JEFF'S LIFE. ALWAYS, IT HAS TAUGHT HIM HOW TO LIVE.

towards the sun

by Jeff Hunter



■ Two years ago, on a sunny afternoon, off the Isle of Gozo near Malta in the Mediterranean, I did a darn fool thing. I went skin-diving alone. The studio had chosen this part of the south of Europe to film *A Sailor Of The King* and I had been given a few days off by the director of the picture.

With flippers on my feet I went sightseeing along the shore. I was wearing goggles through which I could peer deep beneath the surface of the water at the marine growths and rock formations.

I was swimming along like this an hour later, miles from anyone, when I saw an undersea cave just below me. Getting curious I kicked my way down to it and wriggled into the opening. Ahead in the dimly-lit water were odd shapes, like statues in a grotto, that were hard to make out, so I kept working my way closer. I was far inside (*Continued on page 74*)



The curtain has lifted at last. Ann Blyth McNulty is now ready to let the world share her first shining year of marriage and her first shining home!

BY MARVA PETERSON

DOCTOR'S WIFE



This is the "denning room", filled with the sun-lit patterns Ann loves. Here the McNultys eat, informally entertain their closest friends around the corner fireplace.



The eight-room McNulty house, built in the Connecticut farmhouse tradition, will be their permanent home, Ann hopes. Shaded by three giant walnut trees, the large lawn allows Ann to indulge a childhood craving to squirt a hose to her heart's content.



Carefully cushioned and quilted couches with an Hawaiian floral print dominate the blue livingroom; like the marble-topped table, they were designed for the McNultys by decorator Mitchell Numier. The large fireplace is used even in the summer.

■ Nothing in a doctor's private life can be planned with certainty except taxes. When she accepted the name of Mrs. James V. McNulty, Ann Blyth accepted that fact. It was one of the things Jim warned her about before their marriage.

"I want you to know," he said, "that my time isn't my own, that I'll be called out at the most outlandish hours, and that many nights you'll be alone and waiting."

In the nine months that she's been a doctor's wife, Ann has learned to accept all of this.

Only a few months ago, she expected Jim home for dinner in fifteen minutes when the hospital called to say that Dr. McNulty was delayed in obstetrics. Thirty minutes lengthened into an hour. One hour became two. At nine o'clock Ann strode into the kitchen.

"Barbara," she told the housekeeper. "No point in your waiting up. I'll serve the doctor when he comes in." Then she walked back into the dimly-lit den, her beautiful head tilted in a listening position. She wasn't particularly hungry. She had passed that point. Nor was she sleepy. Just disappointed.

This was their six months' anniversary. She had prepared a special dinner—cake, candles, even champagne. And now Jim was late because the stork had been off-schedule with one of his patients.

Suddenly the whir of Jim's car turning into the driveway threw Ann out of her disappointment (*Continued on next page*)



Perfect setting for Ann's wedding silver and crystal is the French Provincial diningroom with its silvery bleached walnut table, six grey velvet tufted chairs and scenic French wallpaper.

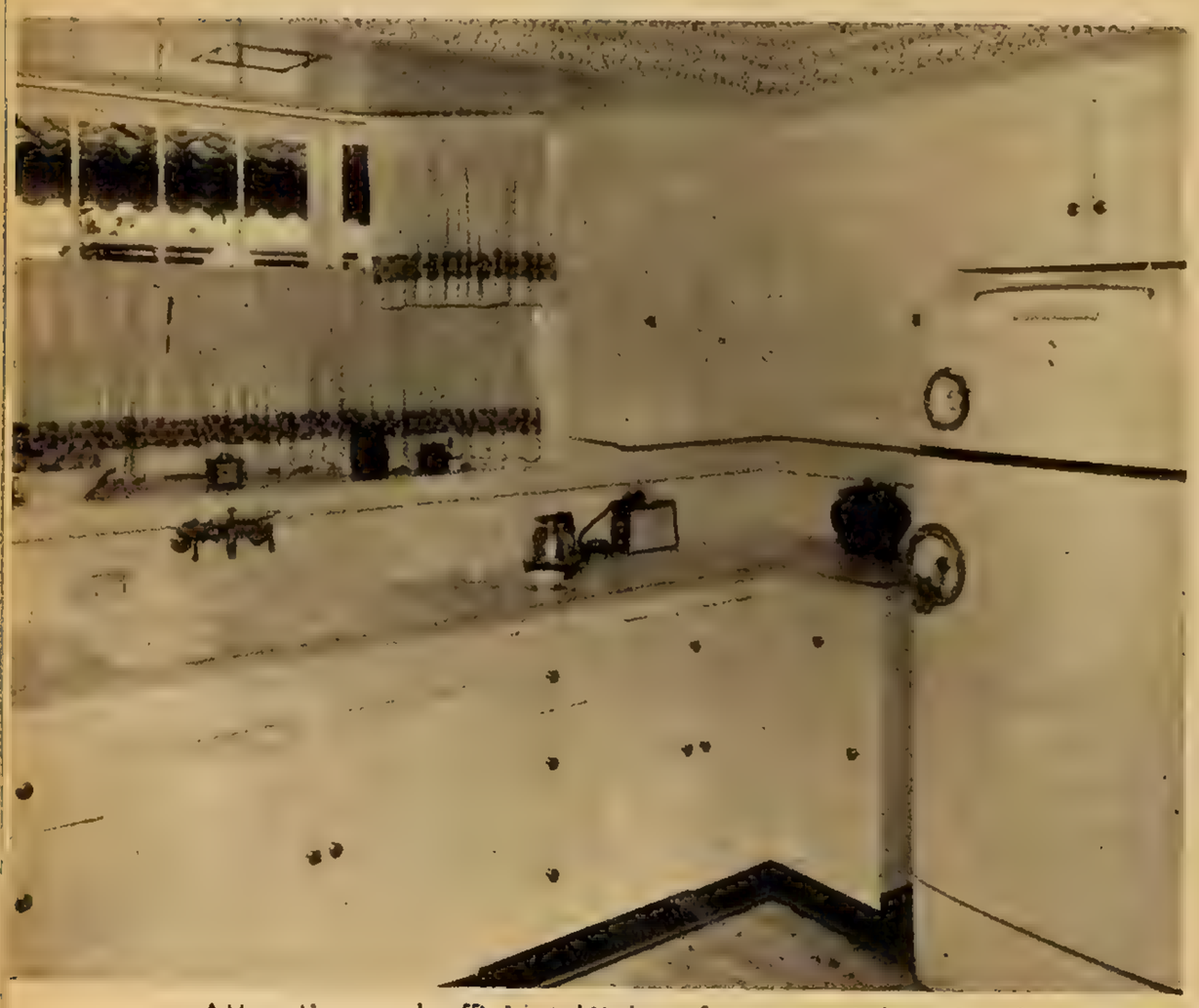


The first room furnished, the quiet blue bedroom opens onto the patio, displays delicate, quiet wallpaper, a quilted spread and step-tables to hold Ann's and Jim's books. A TV set and large dresser complete the room.

More pictures on next page



Floral-patterned "stairway to the future" leads to unfurnished second floor, awaiting expanded family. Ann took almost a year to furnish three rooms.



Attractive and efficient kitchen features eight-cubic-foot Bendix refrigerator, eighteen-cubic-foot Bendix freezer, and electric stove. Ann took cooking lessons but admits Jim's coffee is better.



Ann's wonderful Bendix Duomatic washes and dries clothes in one continuous operation, requiring no attention from busy Ann, who puts in an eleven hour day at the studio when working.

DOCTOR'S WIFE continued

(*Continued from page 47*) into a dither of preparation.

She gave the logs in the fireplace a hasty poke. She ran to the refrigerator, took the split of champagne and placed it on a tray beside two glasses. She just made it into Jim's arms as he stepped through the Dutch door from the patio.

"Happy semi-anniversary," she managed to mutter.

Jim kissed his wife's hair. Then he reached down into his coat pocket and pulled out a brown paper bag. He dropped the gift into her hands.

"For you," he said.

Excitedly Ann sat down on the couch and shook the contents of the bag into her lap. Eight of the most delicate, exquisite, hand-painted porcelain knobs. "See," said Dr. McNulty, "I'm a very practical guy."

Ann smiled. "You're priceless, darling. These will put the finishing touches to the bathroom. I'll use one on each cosmetic drawer and one on the medicine cabinet, and one on—"

"You're sure you're not disappointed now?" the doctor suggested. "They're just drawer-pulls."

"Of course not," Ann said. "Most husbands do the obvious thing on anniversary dates. They bring flowers or candy. But this is the kind of unexpected gesture writers are always trying to dream up for 'young love' scripts. And you do it naturally."

"The best way to write about young lovers," Jim said, "is to draw them from life."

Certainly this is true of Ann and Jim McNulty. Their romance and marriage has been compared to a dream, a fairy tale and a movie script. But these are pallid compared to the true version. For this marriage has so much love and warmth and tenderness that it must get better and better.

The early chapters in Ann Blyth's true love story have been thoroughly reported. Her first dates with Dennis Day's brother, their courtship, the announcement by her aunt Cissy and Uncle Jim, the charming way Jim proposed while they were trimming the Christmas tree, their common religion and Irish heritage and of course, every detail of the impressive wedding from the Papal blessing down to the size of the marriage ring.

Once the wedding was over, a news blackout was lowered. Months passed. No more Ann Blyth features were published. Movie-goers waited avidly for stories of Ann Blyth, novice housewife. No stories came. They looked for pictures of Ann and Jim at home. No news, no pictures.

Ann says now, "In the last six months I've been busier than I've ever been in my whole life. I just haven't had time to collect myself.

"Right after our honeymoon at Lake Tahoe I had to report to MGM for rehearsals of *Rose Marie.* Then I went into the picture. As soon as that was finished, rehearsals started for *The Student Prince,* then the actual shooting. (*Continued on page 86*)

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KEEPS HAIR SO BEAUTIFULLY

Soft... manageable

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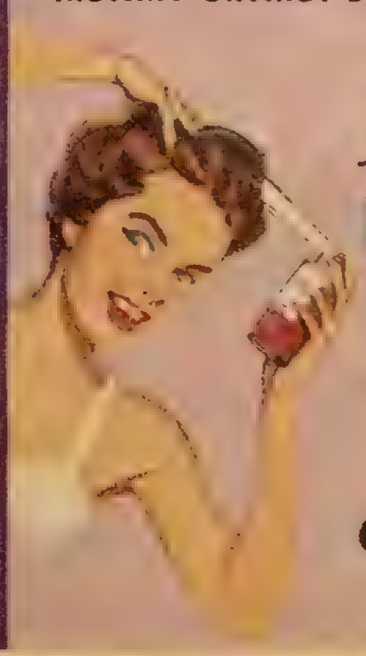
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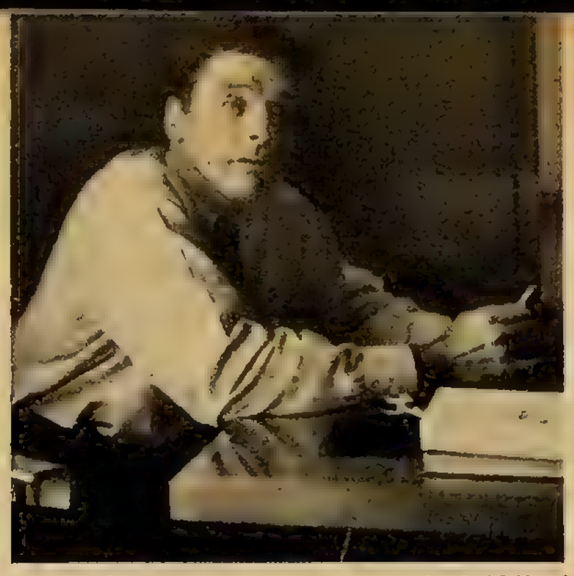


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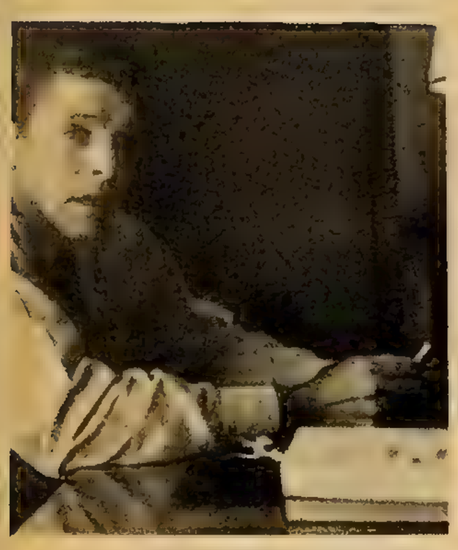
Instant spray keeps hair *softly* in place, for a soft, luxurious wave all day.

ONLY 79¢

The moving story of Burt Lancaster's



Am I happy? I'm sort of fulfilled.









When I first came to Hollywood I was scared stiff. I rubbed a lot of people the wrong way . . . compensating for my insecurity.







Am I difficult to live with? No, I wouldn't say that I am. My wife and I get along pretty well.





Well, I've learned and I've changed. At least I believe that I have.

BY
ALICE
HOFFMAN

■ Seven years ago when Burt Lancaster was relatively new and fresh in Hollywood, he was invited to a dinner party. This festive affair was well-sprinkled with colorful Hollywood characters. A loquacious writer began to spout on half a dozen different subjects.

Lancaster controlled himself for half an hour, but as the writer talked Burt's face became rosy. Finally he could stand it no longer.

He walked up to the writer, eyes flashing.

"You," he snarled, "are the biggest, no-good, four-flushing phony I've ever heard." With that he whirled and strode from the room.

The writer was aghast. For a moment he stopped gushing like a severed artery. When he could speak above this outrage, he raised a shoulder, pursed his lips and bristled. "Well!" he exclaimed. "All I can say is, *'Well!'*"

Not long after that, Burt was starred in a prison film out at Universal. During the course of the production, he turned to an (*Continued on page 82*)

fight against fear

Act of Love!





Most people call Esther wholesome and charming; some people call her "uncooperative." But if you want the truth, just call her husband and ask!

BY THELMA McGILL

only her husband knows



Her growing family is Esther's most obvious denial of the phony rift rumors frequently spread about her marriage. One of five children, Esther hopes for at least four.



Ben believes jealousy is responsible for Esther's "least cooperative actress" award; Esther managed a smile, quipped, "Well, at least they voted me an actress!"

■ No prospective movie star should be born in Los Angeles. It is a distinct disadvantage. The instant the star assumes her lofty position in the Hollywood solar system, thousands of local fans claim to be authorities on her life.

Esther Williams made this tactical error and practically every native Angeleño between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five claims to know everything there is to know about the leggy film star.

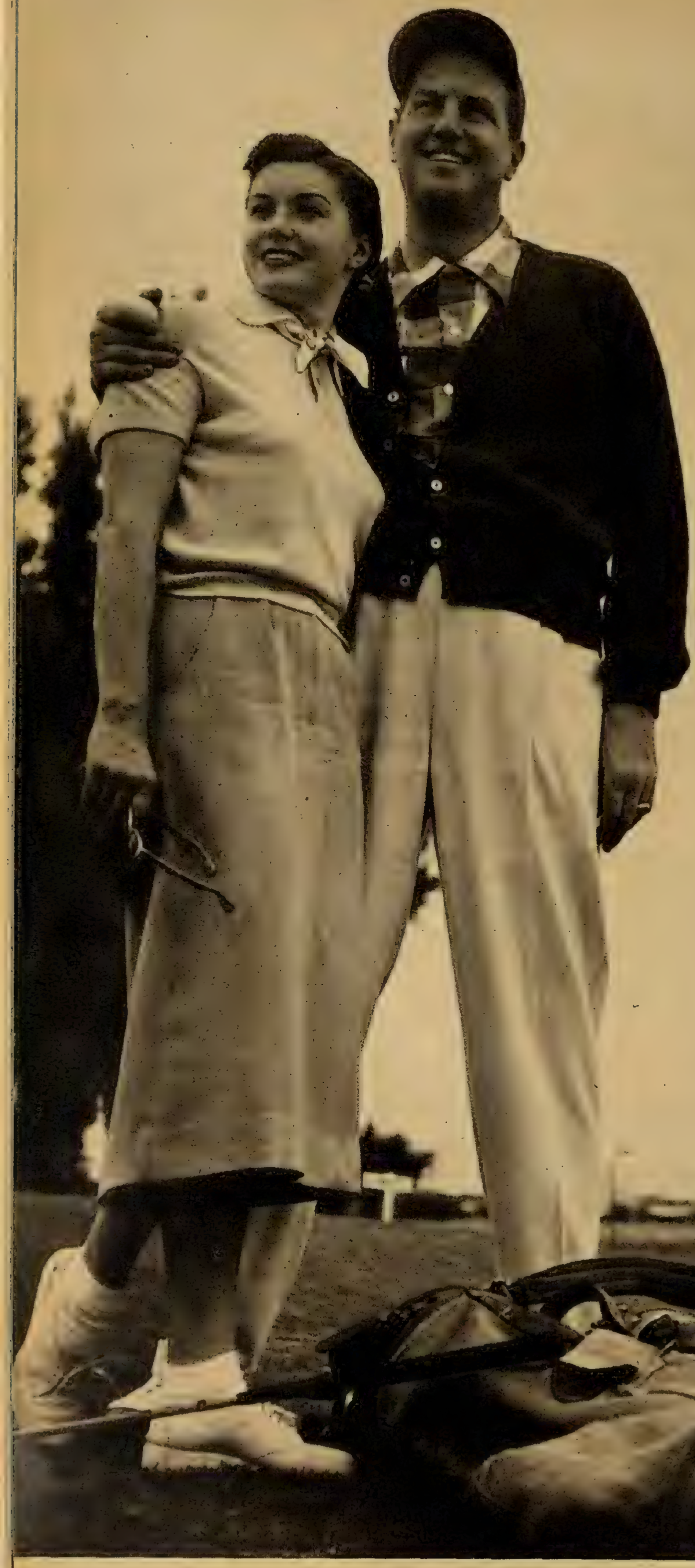
A few months ago when Esther was unfairly and unjustifiably voted the most uncooperative actress of the year by the Hollywood Women's Press Club, everyone and his sister had something to say about the choice.

"I went to school with Esther in Inglewood," one secretary commented, "and she's always been real cool."

Said a local photographer, "I was in high school with Esther Williams, and while I never would've married Ben Gage, this babe is okay. She's honest and truthful. No phony-baloney about her."

"Esther Williams and I were in grade school together," a cab-driver said. "Matter of fact, she was gone on me. I never did give her a tumble, just wasn't my type, but (*Continued on page 54*)

More pictures on next page



FOR ESTHER, LIFE CAN BE BEAUTI-



No golfer herself, Esther only rarely accompanies Ben to the links. Once there, she promptly plops down on the grass; at home she prefers sitting on the floor to a chair!

(*Continued from page 53*) for my money she's okay. She made it the hard way. Her old man was never head of any studio."

As you can see, practically everyone in Los Angeles went to school with Esther Williams. Knows all about her. How she learned to swim. How she went to work as a stock clerk in I. Magnin's for $78 per month. How she swam for Billy Rose. All of it.

There are a few genuine authorities on the life of Esther Williams, some of whom *never* went to school with her. Her parents, for example.

FULLY CROWDED WITH HOME, CAREER AND FRIENDS—AND MOST OF ALL, WITH HER LOVE FOR CHILDREN.



Already good athletes, Kimmie and Benjie share Mama with the Nursery School for the Visually Handicapped. Esther gave a pool to the Nursery; spends her spare time teaching the children to swim.



Good food is one of Esther's loves; she and Ben can eat wattles all day, love her homemade pies and salads. No seafood, though; Esther once glanced at a friend's fish dinner and asked, "What's that—live bait?"



Time at home is precious to Esther; it takes six months to make one of her films. Besides taking care of the kids, she markets and cooks when she can, helps Ben with the management of the restaurant and factory.



At Romanoff's after a première, Donna Reed chats with the Gages. Donna and her husband, Tony Owen, are members of the inseparable Gage gang, as are David and Jane Wayne, Janet Blair and Virginia Bruce.

The father, Lou Williams, now spends most of his spare time fishing. The mother, Bula Williams, is a social worker with two degrees, Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Divinity. (She is a licensed minister.)

Both of her parents think Esther got a raw deal when the press girls branded her "the most uncooperative."

There are more oracles: Esther's sister Maurine, also a Ph.D.; her sister June of the Pico Women's Club, her brother Dave, a contractor-plumber. And of course, her tall, husky (six feet, four inches, 255 pounds) husband, smiling Ben Gage.

Naturally, Ben Gage knows more about Esther than anyone. He has been married to her for eight years. He is the father of her children.

How did Esther come to be voted the "most uncooperative actress of 1953?" This title was originally scheduled for Doris Day, who should have won it hands down. Last year Doris was about as cooperative with the Hollywood Press as a frightened porcupine.

The Women's Press Club was told that Doris had been under a great nervous strain. For months she had suffered from cancerphobia, a fear of cancer which fortunately turned out to be groundless. Appeals were made to their kindness. Why make someone who was ill more ill by voting her uncooperative?

A press agent phoned and said that if Doris were branded "the most uncooperative" he would lose his job. Press agents often hold this sword over the heads of warm-hearted reporters.

So you can see what a tight spot these writers were in. *Someone* had to get the sour apple. It just wouldn't do to say there were *no* (*Continued on page 92*)

going... going...



Dale and Jackie tried dancing at Ciro's . . .



a brief separation, a marriage counselor . . .

JACKIE AND DALE ROBERTSON HAVE WATCHED THEIR MARRIAGE CRUMBLE. IT IS SMALL COMFORT

■ "I guess he never loved me," Jackie Robertson mumbled, choking with tears. "Or maybe there's just no love in his heart." This beautiful twenty-two-year-old girl was talking about her impending divorce from actor Dale Robertson. She was trying to reconstruct the tangled web of their unhappy marriage.

Why had this marriage foundered?

Was it Hollywood's fault?

Was the marriage too sudden?

Was Dale to blame exclusively?

Was Jackie an inadequate wife?

What went wrong with a marriage that three years ago was blessed with so much promise?

You recall its romantic foundation. MODERN SCREEN covered the love affair in detail. So did many newspapers.

In 1951, on the set of *Friendly Island,* Mitzi Gaynor introduced Jacqueline Wilson, a poised, sloe-eyed young actress, to Dale Robertson.

Dale was then as hot as a freshly-fired pistol. He had finished *Take Care Of My Little Girl* with Jeanne Crain. Betty Grable wanted him for *The Farmer Takes A Wife.* He was receiving three times as much fan mail as Marilyn Monroe.

The tall Oklahoman took one look at Jackie and the total effect was nothing. A few weeks later producer Andre Hakim gave a dinner party, a small affair by the standards of the continental Hakim. There were thirty or forty guests. Among them were Jacqueline Wilson, sophisticated,

GONE!



but not even 16-month-old Rochelle could hold together the marriage of a too-young wife, too-indifferent husband.

NOW TO LOOK BACK AND KNOW THAT IT WAS NEVER BASED ON REAL LOVE. ■ William Barbour

well-bred, and nineteen, and Dayle Ly-Moine Robertson, handsome, drawling and between thirty and thirty-five years old.

They began to talk about horses. Jackie had been born in Paris, reared in Princeton, educated in eastern finishing schools. She had been a member of the Eldridge-Hartford Hunt in Baltimore.

Robertson was a frustrated cowboy who had attended Oklahoma Military College and worked later as a shipping clerk for the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company and as a jackhammer operator for the Charles M. Dunning Company, a construction outfit in his native Oklahoma City.

All the polish he had, he wore on his fingernails. But his is a magnetic personality. He has the same kind of air, good looks and command of situations that characterized Gable when he came to Hollywood twenty-five years ago. And Jackie Wilson, understandably, was attracted to this rugged, square-shouldered six-footer.

"We met on a Saturday," she remembers. "Then he called on Sunday, proposed on Monday, and we were married three weeks later. If things had worked out, the hurry, the haste, the mad rush would've been swell. But the marriage didn't take; so now I can say the courtship was too fast.

"It's easy to be wise after it's all over. But I was so (*Continued on page 93*)

jack webb:

JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM!

JACK WEBB IS EVERYONE'S FAVORITE MAN FRIDAY. BUT HE'S ALSO TV'S MOST RUMORED-ABOUT GUY!



Jack's divorce from his former wife, Julie London, will be final in seven months. Both he and Julie took the split hard at first and Jack maintains that his busy work schedule did not cause the rift.



A steady couple are Jack and Dorothy Towne. Many believe they will marry but Jack refuses to discuss the subject until his divorce is final. Now he lives quietly with his mother, sees his two daughters often.

By Richard Moore

■ Every actor in Hollywood sooner or later finds himself under fire, with the press, his relatives or old pals taking shots at his integrity. The reason is obvious. Success inevitably gives birth to envy, and the urge to find a place on the financial gravy train is an itch few of an actor's casual friends or members of his family can resist.

Jack Webb, who has become to television what a combination of Alan Ladd and Clark Gable would be to pictures, is no exception.

Here are a few of the accusations not too lately hurled at the creator and star performer of *Dragnet*. That he is upstaging his friends. That he is too temperamental. That he all but socks on the nose anyone who has the nerve to ask a question about his private life. That he already has decided who the next Mrs. Jack Webb will be.

Because of the stories circulated by Hollywood gossip, a disreputable old bat with a tic in her eye, let's look at the whole story of Mr. Webb and see what sort of man he really is. Mr. Webb has already been thoroughly worked over by two esteemed journalists in Los Angeles.

They deserve credit for getting straight answers to direct questions from a man a couple of columnists had claimed was impossible to interview. Mr. Hal Humphrey, Radio and TV Editor of the Los Angeles *Daily Mirror*, had this to say about Mr. Webb's romantic life: "Webb is understandably nettled at all of the rumors concerning his (*Continued on page 73*)



Proud of *Dragnet's* Emmy (TV equivalent of the Oscar) Jack feels responsible for all phases of the show, directs and writes besides acting. Imitations don't bother him; he finds them funny!

LOVELY TO LOOK AT

Meet Grace Kelly,
the girl Gable gabs about—
and the demurest miss
ever called a menace
by a Hollywood columnist!

BY LOUIS POLLOCK



■ Eight years ago there were a great many more boys than girls attending Stevens High School in the Chestnut Hills area of Philadelphia. The girls loved it; no one was a wallflower and the "rush" was terrific. But some of the mothers were concerned; they thought their daughters might develop a conceit that would take a bad beating later when they got out into a world less bountiful with attentive males.

They needn't have worried. The effect on the girls in the class was good. They developed excellent poise based on a fine confidence in themselves. One of them, a quiet, blue-eyed blonde named Grace Kelly, was the daughter of John Kelly, once an international sculling champion, and now a building contractor. Later, her older brother, Jack, won similar renown. Today Grace is pulling her own oar as an actress. Even though she is single she seems to have a monopoly on Hollywood's best young-wife roles.

Her film husbands have included Gary Cooper (in *High Noon*), Richard Basehart (*14 Hours*), Ray Milland (*Dial M For Murder*), and Bill Holden (*The Bridges At Toki-Ri*). In *Mogambo* she loses Clark Gable to Ava Gardner but in *Rear Window* she's a cinch to settle down domestically with Jimmy Stewart and it's anybody's guess whether she will settle down with Bill Holden or Bing Crosby in *Country Girl*. Friends are beginning to kid her that marriage in real life may be an anti-climax.

Grace, who was born twenty-five years ago in Philadelphia, needed that favorable boy-girl setup at high school because she was not so sure of herself to start with. Bracketed between an older and a younger sister she is reported to have been a "withdrawn" kid at twelve.

One of the favorite family stories about her is that when she wanted to play hooky at this period she would first announce the fact at breakfast time—the point being that she was emulating other girls but not really wanting to skip school. She was hoping that someone would talk her out of it.

This indecision was general. "She couldn't shop for herself until she was quite a bit older," says her mother. Grace herself recalls, "Well, I was generally down with all the sicknesses—the original sinus kid."

Now Grace is a tall girl, five feet, five and a half inches, weighs a nicely modeled 115 pounds and is nobody's weakling. Not according to the tales brought back about her from Africa, when she made *Mogambo* with Gable and Ava.

In more than four months on safari. beset by heat and restricted to the rigorous routine of camp life, she didn't miss a day's shooting. As a matter of fact, in contrast to Ava, who spent her spare time reading in camp, Grace used hers to accompany the hunting parties sent out to get meat for the company personnel. The man who shot the heavy game on these expeditions was generally Gable. But Grace had a quick eye for fowl and bagged a great number of guinea hens.

Perhaps her nerves were most severely tested the morning she awoke in her tent to see what looked like a long, four-inch-wide snake wriggling along the ground. A closer look revealed that the "snake" was really a long line of giant ants migrating right through the tent. She got up and dressed, stepping gingerly back and forth over the undulating line, and went to breakfast. Late that afternoon when she returned from the day's filming the parade of ants was still in progress. Attacking with a pail of boiling water her native servant managed to break up the line of march and divert it around the tent. Unfortunately a few thousand ants lost their way and got into her baggage where they kept showing up for weeks.

GRACE IS not sure how her love for acting was fostered. There is a theatrical tradition in the family founded by two of her father's brothers. One uncle is the noted playwright, George Kelly, author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning play, *Craig's Wife,* and *The Show-Off*. Grace had a share of his blood but none of his encouragement. He thought the theatre was not for her. Another uncle was Walter C. Kelly, a famous vaudeville headliner known as "The Virginia Judge," who died when Grace was a youngster without delivering any opinion about her talent.

As a child she took up ballet (ten years of it), studied the piano and had voice lessons, so there were some early ideas about show business. She attended an exclusive school, the Raven Hill Academy, and at the same time took part in amateur theatricals with the Old Academy Players Theatre in Philadelphia. As an aid to expression she chose two foreign languages to study, French and Spanish, stuck to them all through school and speaks them today. But she knew definitely that acting was in her life to stay after a visit she made to New York as a young girl. She was taken to the Russian Bear restaurant for dinner and there had her fortune read by a gypsy who told her not that she would be an actress but that she *was* an actress. Whenever Grace has any doubt about her ability she hurries back to the Russian Bear for further confirmation.

Her folks were not inclined to be influenced by gypsies and after Grace graduated from Stevens High School they wanted her to enter Bennington College in Vermont. But she came a cropper in her college board exams, doing badly in mathematics. That this was as fortunate a failure as has ever befallen any girl became apparent in the next two and a half years.

BY THAT TIME she had switched to the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, had been tagged for some model work in movie shorts by Warner Brothers, was selected to join the cast of a Broadway play by Raymond Massey, had offers from a number of summer theatres including Bucks County Playhouse in Pennsylvania, was well into radio and TV work and was already being talked about in letters from eastern talent scouts to the big Hollywood studios.

What most of the scouts stressed in their reports was that Grace not only had the features of a real beauty, but also a quality too rare on the screen—serene ladyhood. "She not only looks terrific," said one talent eagle, "she seems to be having wonderful thoughts, too."

Grace *has* had some nice things to think about in her life. There have been a few bad times, but not too many. There was her first appearance at Bucks County Playhouse when she was told the most dreadful fate for an ingénue is to have the critics say no more than that she is very pretty—and that's exactly how they dismissed her. There was the quick death of her second Broadway play, *To Be Continued,* which ran only three weeks even though the great Katherine Cornell praised her by saying, "I laughed and I cried at you on the stage." And there were and are all the meal times in which she doesn't eat well. Grace can't cook and she won't dine out alone, so when in New York or Hollywood she lives on such meager fare as milk, soda crackers, an appie or orange, unless she has a roommate who can cook or is invited out.

She has had the happy childhood and youth of a good looking, wellborn girl, some nice surprises (a European trip to England, France and Switzerland, for instance, to help her forget her failure to make Bennington) and an interesting and successful career in the legitimate theatre. Nor is her luck running badly now, what with the men she has had in her professional life to guide it. These, the directors of her various pictures, represent the very cream of the industry: Alfred Hitchcock, John Ford, Henry Hathaway, Fred Zinneman, Mark Robson and George Seaton.

Although she is poised, Grace is by no means an extrovert and her personality has an essence of shyness. When she knew she was to work with Jimmy Stewart (whom she had never met) in *Rear Window* she was very anxious to overcome quickly any feeling of strangeness for the sake of the picture. She didn't have to worry. In one of the earliest scenes Jimmy was called upon to kiss her thirty-seven times in three minutes. After that she felt she knew him pretty well.

HER SHYNESS, really a disinclination to talk much about herself, seems to have convinced some people that she has a lot to hide. Her name has been linked with almost every one of her leading men. There was a to-do, for instance, about her as the other woman in the marital troubles of Ray Milland last year—a charge that Grace's friends brand ridiculous.

During the filming of *Mogambo* she, Ava Gardner and Clark Gable were the best of friends from start to finish of production. This did not prevent rumors coupling Grace and Clark romantically. The basis for these reports in the columns of Hollywood writers were two-fold. First, there were all those hunting trips they made together. Second, there was the fact that they ate a great many of their meals as a twosome in camp.

Sounded like the real business but Grace punctured the whole story when she got back. The only times Ava didn't share a common meal with Gable and Kelly were during Frank Sinatra's visit to the camp, she said. At such times he and Ava naturally paired off a lot. And as for Clark's inviting Grace on so many of his hunting jaunts, Grace said companionship, not romance, was involved. It was her long silences Clark fell in love with. When he is hunting he wants no talk and no talk comes naturally with her.

Ava and Grace were not only co-hostesses at the company's Christmas show and dinner (December, 1952) held in the jungle, but they concocted a skit and presented it together. Frank Sinatra was master of ceremonies and even Gable got on his feet to entertain with a few stories.

RITA GAM, with whom Grace roomed in Hollywood, can testify to Grace's ability to keep her own counsel—ordinarily, that is. Last January Grace inadvertently upset a nice little alibi Rita had stacked up about a black eye she sported for a spell.

She had actually slipped in the shower and had fallen against a towel rack. Grace was present and played nurse. This took so much time that Grace was late for a luncheon interview and—without thinking—explained what had happened to Rita. A little later in the day Rita went out, met Louella Parsons, and on impulse decided that a fall in a bathtub sounded fishy as an explanation for a shiner. "A horse kicked me," she said. Louella printed it that way and thus the clash of explanations.

Both girls, because their permanent homes are in the east, consider themselves nomads when they are in Hollywood. They rent ordinary little apartments which can be had without leases and naturally try not to buy any furnishings which must either be abandoned or shipped about when they leave. The only trouble is that as girls will—they get a bit penny wise and pound foolish about this. They were short of blankets when a cold wave struck California, but rather than buy extra ones they kept stalling and hoping for warmer weather. It came, but not until they had spent night after night freezing.

Last Christmas found Grace alone in Hollywood without Christmas Day plans until one of the girls at her studio found out about it and asked her to her home. When Grace arrived she found that it was to be a big family dinner—a total of twenty-seven adults, nine children, two dogs, three cats and one parakeet.

Grace, quite used to family gatherings, fitted in perfectly. She helped feed the youngsters before the big dinner was served for the adults. As Grace said, "It was almost as good as being home."

In the opinion of Hollywood's producers Grace is a classic beauty, faultless they say, no matter how photographed. She doesn't agree. She feels that her left side is her best side and arranges her hair with this in mind. But she makes no point of it when she is before the motion picture camera—just when she is making a portrait sitting.

SHE HAS a permanent apartment in New York on 66th Street and lives with Henry, a parakeet. When she leaves New York for Hollywood Henry has to leave for the apartment of friends (hers, that is) until she can return and take care of him. She counts Henry the oddest friend she has in New York. In Hollywood her oddest friend is human—a girl who had an atom bomb shelter built in the garden of her house, but is never home.

Grace likes New York because she likes her Manhattan radio and TV work contacts, likes being near her family and because she has a great collection of shoes there, too many to take on her travels. She says she is crazy about shoes. She skis, does pastel sketching, swims and rides. All of these things, she claims, are better done around New York than anywhere else. And there is always her favorite gypsy fortune teller at the Russian Bear.

"Don't laugh," she says. "After all, most Hollywood actresses have their astrologers, don't they?" END

mitzi's miracle

(*Continued from page 44*) Piccadilly, a famous spot on La Cienega Boulevard, otherwise known as restaurant row. Here, Mitzi and her fiancé Jack Bean have a favorite booth. It's the place where they started their spooning, also their mutual dieting. They have a favorite waiter, name of Peter Chassis. Pete is familiar with Mitzi's lusty appetite and he turned out to be a source of secondary will power.

One night Mitzi told him, "Peter, I need your help, I've gained fifteen pounds since my operation. And I want to lose at least twenty pounds."

"You don't need me," Pete advised her. "You'd better go see your doctor."

"I already have. All I want you to do is see that when I come in here I don't order something I shouldn't. Jack, do you have that diet list handy?"

Mr. Bean fished Mitzi's typewritten diet out of a remote pocket and waiter Chassis agreed to become a party to Mitzi's conspiracy against that old devil Obesity.

A FEW NIGHTS LATER, Mitzi and Jack came back to the Piccadilly. Mitzi had been working out in ballet routines for five hours. She was beat and hungry as a horse. But she stuck to her diet. A cup of bouillon, a piece of broiled liver, sliced tomatoes, celery, radishes and tea. All of an accident, another waiter chanced to pass with a hunk of pie *a la mode* for some customer's dessert. Mitzi couldn't take it. She summoned Pete.

"I'll just have one little slice of apple pie and a sliver of ice cream."

"No, you don't," Pete retorted. "You told me to keep an eye on you, and that's what I'm doing. Just an average portion is 600 calories. Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Thanks, Peter," Mitzi replied, chastened.

"I got to thinking afterward," Mitzi recalls now, "that it was a silly bit to go absolutely to pieces at the sight of a piece of cake or some juicy tidbit. Jack and I worked out a sort of philosophy. (It's much easier to win a diet battle when someone you are with constantly is doing the same thing.)

"We figured it out this way: we looked at calorie-counting as we would look at a money problem—only in reverse. The game was to keep from putting calories into our savings accounts, which was us. For instance, if Jack turned down a bottle of beer offered by a friend, he figured that he'd 'saved' 125 calories. One day I bumped into a friend at Schwab's drugstore. She suggested we have a malted milk and I almost agreed until I looked up the calorie count of a malt in my little book. Wow! I very nearly put 500 in my bank. Instead, I had a glass of ginger ale, which totaled seventy-five. And now that I've discovered those new low-calorie drinks I can have a ball at a cocktail party. I explain in advance to the hostess and she stocks up with root beer or lime-lemon and I can have three in the space of a couple of hours at a total of only twenty-seven calories."

ANOTHER WRINKLE Mitzi and Jack figured out to make their dieting fun was the twice-a-week vegetable dinner. In a calorie-counting book they found that the average serving of most vegetables is between fifteen and twenty-five calories. So they'd go to a restaurant and order a complete vegetable dinner and stuff themselves. For instance, Mitzi's vegetable dinner, with enough substance to make anyone feel as though he'd eaten a big steak, might add up like this:

Appetizer: Bread and butter pickles, celery, little green onions. *Calories: 15*

Soup: Chicken consommé. *Calories: None*

Entree: Cabbage, broccoli, carrots, spinach, stewed tomatoes. *Calories: about 175*

Dessert: Practically none

Drink: Coffee or tea. *TOTAL: 190 calories*

"It's almost unbelievable how many calories you can save that way, but you probably won't find the vegetables steam-cooked without butter too enchanting. And, *if* you're going to try a vegetable dinner like this one, you must have a pretty good breakfast and lunch."

Here's a sample of what Mitzi had the day of her 190-calorie dinner:

BREAKFAST

	Calories
1 slice honeydew melon	50
Thin slice white toast	75
2 soft-boiled eggs	150
1 pat butter	50
1 cup milk	150
total	475

LUNCHEON

	Calories
1 sliced apple	75
1 baked chicken breast (6 oz.)	150
1 thin slice whole wheat toast & butter	75
Dish sliced peaches (no sugar)	75
total	375

That's a grand total of about 1040 calories, give or take a few. It's probably as healthy as any average day of food intake you'd have when you eat in a hit-or-miss style, without any thought of diet.

"One thing to remember about diet," Mitzi declares, "is that the very word usually scares off people. They want a lithe figure but it's too much trouble to add two and two to get it. An all-vegetable dinner once or twice a week is horrifying to some people, even though vegetables are often overlooked and they are very high in essential minerals. *But* don't take my word for it. Check with your family doctor first. It's imperative that he call all the signals if you don't want to wind up an anemic shadow of your former self.

"Your doctor will tell you the dangers of a too-prolonged or too-strict diet. He'll probably tell you he's very much against these published diets and he'll be right, *if* he'll take the trouble to give you one of your own. Almost every individual requires some special attention when it comes to weight reducing. The glands and other apparatus of no two people function exactly alike.

"Let me give any girls reading this interview a big word of caution: a very successful diet for someone else may have very unsuccessful results so far as your figure is concerned. That's why expert guidance is always necessary."

Mitzi's warning in this respect has specific reference to girls' figures. She may lose as much as twenty or thirty pounds and then wish she had them back if she discovers that those pleasing bustline curves disappeared with the fat. This is where exercise comes in. Almost any physical education instructor in a high school or a professional gymnasium will be glad to give you an exercise that is effective and simple to keep your muscles firm.

While it is known that physical exercise alone is a slow reducing agent, it is also a neglected fact that a lot of attention *must* be paid to muscle tissue during the reducing period. Otherwise the leg, arm, neck and other muscles can become seriously flabby. In Mitzi's case no routine exercise was necessary, because she works out in various types of dancing regularly. But she did take the precaution of going regularly to a well-known masseuse who has helped keep famous figures trim. Massage may seem costly, but if you're dieting for a real purpose it will be money well invested.

THE MIRACULOUS CHANGE in Mitzi was not intentional at first. She only stepped on the scales, was slightly horrified and began to diet. As she began to slim down quickly the thought occurred to her that if simple diet could do this much, then she had command of herself in other ways, too.

She began to think, "I'm in a rut. Almost everyone knows me as a pert and bouncy eighteen-year-old, and that's the way I'm treated off screen and photographed on screen. But I'm twenty-one now, and that 'pert and bouncy' bit has got to go."

How to do it? You can't issue formal announcements that you no longer want to be looked on as an eighteen-year-old. You have to make some outward changes. The place to begin is with clothes. Mitzi sought the help of Paul Rose, head of the dress department at Nancy's Stores. She showed him how the clothes she had been wearing —sizes twelve and fourteen—were almost

Mitzi Gaynor's *Mystery Diet

With slight variation, this can be your menu for a week. If you do not eat breakfast, you should start tomorrow morning. Lunch may be varied by foods with equivalent numbers of calories. Dinner might be varied by roast chicken (white meat only), fruit salad and rye toast. Steak, naturally, can take the place of liver, but must always be broiled.

**The mystery is: where do the pounds go so swiftly? Seriously, don't attempt this or any other diet without the advice of a physician.*

breakfast:

½ grapefruit (no sugar)
2 poached eggs
(no salt or pepper)
Coffee or tea

lunch:

½ grapefruit
1 helping plain spinach
2 soft-boiled eggs

dinner:

Tomato juice
Celery & radishes
Small (6- to 8-ounce) slice broiled liver
Coffee or tea

For people who drink: a glass of soda water with juice of half a lime over ice, or one of the new non-caloric soft drinks.

big enough to turn around in. So he brought out sizes eight and ten. Mitzi was delighted to discover that the tens had to be taken in. Living in a theatrical town, Mitzi could take the plunge to extreme sophistication, stark white and stark black form-fitting gowns with low décolletage.

"It tickled me pink," Mitzi remembers, "the first night I wore one of those real gone numbers to Mocambo with Jack. People could hardly believe this was Mitzi."

Like her clothes, Mitzi's new twenty-one-year-old personality fits her well. For the first time, people have stopped trying to compare her to stars who were once famous and had one of her names. People have said to her, "I've been going to your pictures for years," although she's only been in the business for four or five years. They somehow mistook her for the former child star, Jane Withers. The older movie-goer would occasionally gaze upon Mitzi with wistful expression and exclaim, "Miss Gaynor, you've given me some of my most beautiful moments." These had identified her with Janet Gaynor. And others confused her with Mitzi Green.

NO ONE MAKES that mistake now. From her smart new coiffure to the tips of her toes, Mitzi's wistful qualities are submerged, and although she's a powerhouse of energy, it doesn't spill over.

"With my lower intake of food," Mitzi says, "I stopped thinking that anyone who went to bed before midnight was a square. I found myself rolling in at around ten, which would have seemed an incredible hour a year before. Now, instead of looking for parties to go to, Jack and I find ourselves going to early movies. I learn a lot that way, not just for my profession, but in the business of being happy. Funny thing, I never realized just how much you can get out of a simple motion picture when it comes to developing a general philosophy and a good feeling about life in general. I used to go to movies to daydream. Now I go to live and learn. That may not be putting it across with a vast amount of intelligence, but I hope you know what I mean."

It's Guy Lombardo's line: "When some women say they've turned 35, it's probably a U-turn."
Earl Wilson in The New York Post

It's possible people do understand. Already those who have seen a lot of stars come and go are comparing Mitzi with Carole Lombard for fire and punch and with Jean Harlow for her sweetness and almost childlike heart.

In the midst of all of Hollywood's frantic activity a gradual change has come over Mitzi Gaynor—one which seems amazingly abrupt to those who have seen her only occasionally. The actual physical change took only four months, during which she lost a little more than five pounds a month. The change to a well-balanced actress from a happy little ingénue, from a slightly scatterbrained teen-ager to a charming young woman, took a little longer, but less than a year.

Not only that, but shortly after you read this, Mitzi may be honeymooning in Paris as Mrs. Jack Bean. Oh, yes, Jack Bean went on the diet too, lost fifteen pounds and won the heart of just about the most enchanting of Hollywood's bachelor girls.

As for you who read this, if you think hard enough and have enough will power, maybe something equally as delightful can happen to you. **END**

(Mitzi Gaynor may be seen next in the 20th Century-Fox production Show Business, *with Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor and Dan Dailey.)*

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you gotta elevate

(*Continued from page 37*) his collar before he answered, peeled off the blue flannel jacket with the red lining, stretched out on the sofa and elevated his phosphorescent pink socks into the air. Two black tasselled loafers dropped off. "Get them," grinned Bob. "Crazy but comfortable." He got up as soon as he lay down and slipped some LP's on the record machine.

"You like Jackie Gleason?" he inquired. I said he was a very funny man.

"I mean his music." he said. I didn't know he played music. "He doesn't. He arranges it," said Bob. "Now, that's what I mean. Listen—there's a man with *real* talent. I met him in Detroit last trip and he's out here now on vacation. I've been hanging around. Maybe I can learn something."

"What do you need to know?" I wondered.

"Oh, nothing," said Bob, "and everything. I'm having a ball, all right. Look, I'm making great dough, getting great parts. I'd rather be where I am, doing what I'm doing than anything. I'm on top of the world. I've got great people all around me. I couldn't be fatter—only, it's just the bushwa. I don't want people to think I'm a phony."

Who was thinking?

"Maybe nobody," admitted Bob, "and maybe everybody. I don't know. All I know is that I've got to keep hold of the wheel. I've got to keep control and I've got to improve. Got to lift, lift, lift. Get some class. Do you know Clark Gable?

"Well, I saw him the other night in New York. Now there's a really great guy. They don't call him 'The King' for nothing. I used to hang around the caddy shack at the club when I was a kid hoping for a chance to pack his bag. Sometimes I got it. If I didn't, I followed him around. He was always swell to me, always my idol. Still is. So when I saw him in *Twenty-One* I went right up. He'd been in Europe for a long time but I might have seen him yesterday. He said some pretty nice things about me, said he was proud of me—stuff like that. I should have felt my feet leaving the ground. But I didn't. I just felt embarrassed—like a peanut—and scared. Why? Oh, I don't know, all this swoon guy stuff and everything—"

"Gable went through it," I pointed out.

"Sure he did," brightened Bob. "And so did Bob Taylor, Ty Power, Jimmy Stewart, Cary Grant. They all did. But they managed to keep people's respect—and now look at them. That's what I've got to do. Earn respect."

So Bob Wagner is worried. Not about the things that usually worry a young star in Hollywood. Not about money, not about girls. Not about his option, either. But still worried because, "It's all come too fast. I didn't count on it this way. Don't I want to be a star? Sure I do. I always did more than anything in the world, ever since I ran into those great people around the club—Gable, Alan Ladd, Randy Scott and the rest. I always said, 'That's the business for me,' and I sure enough meant it. But I'm *not* a star. I'm a long way from being a star."

"You were in *Prince Valiant*," I reminded him.

"I had the title role," corrected Bob. Then he took on the pained expression of a father trying to point out a fact to a small child. "But look, it takes two to tango. It takes directors, writers, technicians, other actors who know ten times as much as I do—a hundred people—to make a picture great. Mine have been great, but not because of me. Got to move. Girls have started sleeping on the steps of my apartment. Why? When I went to the opening of *How To Marry a Millionaire* in New York a few weeks ago four cops had to usher me across Times Square. Cops—imagine! I wanted to drop through the pavement. What's the big attraction? Not really me, not my talent. Up in New Haven 2400 girls hung around the lobby three hours before the picture opened! And down in Florida on location—the things that went on were fantastic. Why?"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "I know plenty of young actors who'd think that was swell."

"It *is*. It's wonderful. I love it," admitted Bob. "I like fans. I'm a fan myself—the greatest. Listen—I was sitting in the bar at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel right by the window—and every ten minutes a gang of kids came up outside. I got up every time and went outside until they had what they wanted. I had an awful time getting one drink down. I was flattered; it made me feel humble. But—well, I hope they all go to see my pictures. See what I mean? I don't want to be a red hot pure publicity flash in the pan. I want to elevate, man, elevate, grow and rate all this!"

IT HAPPENED TO ME



In 1947 I was stationed at the Submarine Base in New London, Connecticut. On my last leave before going overseas I went to New York, hoping to have the time of my life. But when I arrived, I found that my wallet was missing. Like millions of servicemen without money, I ended up at the U.S.O. and was met by a charming hostess. She was so understanding and sympathetic that I poured out my heart to her. At the end of a wonderful evening, she offered to lend me $25. Thanking her for her kindness, I asked where I could find her to repay my debt. She made the imprint of her lips on a piece of paper and signed it, "Marlene Dietrich." I'll be grateful to her for the rest of my life.

Charles A. Dwyer
Columbus, Ohio

"Have a cigarette," I suggested. "That is, if it won't stunt your growth." Bob laughed, lit it and relaxed on the couch and I felt like a psychiatrist with Bob talking it out. But I think it was good for him.

Robert John Wagner isn't like the average run of Cinderella boy who collects fast fame in Hollywood. What's hit him isn't a natural development from his beginnings at all. He hasn't struggled up from nothing. He hasn't even a show business background. Of course, that "born with a silver spoon" malarkey is just that. It gives Bob a pain to read that he's a rich man's son. He isn't. His folks are just comfortable middle class people. But it's true that because of his conservative bringing up he belongs in the limelight about as much as, say, a steel salesman. That's what his dad, R. J., Sr., is and that's what Bob undoubtedly would have been if the Wagners hadn't decided to transplant the family home and business to southern California when their only son was still a pup.

Even if he tried, Bob Wagner couldn't pull away from the legitimate slant to everything he does. What put the acting bug in his noggin in the first place was not a crowd of starry-eyed kids from the Studio Club or the Hollywood-and-Vine extra set living off their cuffs to hang on in Hollywood and have a good time. The idols Bob shagged balls for around the Bel-Air Club weren't Johnny-Come-Latelys or fly-by-night promoters. They wouldn't belong to Bel-Air if they were. They were the cream of the crop, seriously and successfully wrapped up in one of the most fascinating games the world has ever known. And what lodged inside Bob Wagner's handsome head was not only that fascination but also respect for the people he identified with it. They were deadly serious and intelligent about their business. And from the start that's what Bob was determined to be, too.

The whole thing has been R. J.'s own special show. Nobody bucked him at home. The Wagner family always gave Junior his head and helped when necessary. It was his own pal-type dad who skeptically but loyally promoted Bob's first look at a movie camera with a club friend, Director Bill Wellman, to start him off. The understanding pop lent Bob, all in all, about $4000 to get started, every cent of which Bob has just paid back. Still, to Bob Wagner the whole thing has been a unique personal challenge. It's no lark. It's his adopted profession and life's work, and that's exactly how he looks at it. Now he's got to make it important, dignified and real, or in his book he has failed. And beneath the pretty profile and peach bloom cheeks of Bob Wagner's good looks there's stuff as sturdy as the product his dad still sells. That's why the hey-hey and hoorah that's swept down on him is disturbing. He's convinced it is destined to goof out and leave him flat if he doesn't fill in behind the blown-up fame—and fast.

"Right now it's like stepping from one puddle of water to another," Bob sized up his career. "You lift a foot out of one pool and it closes behind you. There's no place left there. The newcomers are already filling it. You've got to make a place for yourself in the one ahead. Right now I'm between puddles."

He's right. There's no standing still and no going back in Hollywood. Someday, Bob believes, all this avalanche of popularity will roll on past him, as it has rolled past every other young star sensation before him—and what then?

"A bunch of us here in Hollywood all hit about the same time," observed Bob. "Tony Curtis, Aldo Ray, Rock Hudson and some others. We're all in the same boat. The joy ride doesn't go on forever. I've been a lot luckier than most. Oh, I haven't done as many pictures as, say, Tony, has—but what breaks I've had! The people I've worked with! The top productions I've lucked into—*With A Song In My Heart, Stars And Stripes Forever, Titanic, 12-Mile Reef*—in CinemaScope—and now *Prince Valiant*. Why, no other guy I've named has had breaks like that. And if I get *Broken Lance*—cross your fingers will you?" He shook his head in wonder. Then Bob rattled off some of the actors he has worked with. "Don't you think," asked Bob hopefully, "that some of that talent could maybe rub off?" I thought a lot of it already had. But he shook his head. "Not unless I mature," he said. "That's why I've got to lift out of this kid level. Got to switch on some dignity and duck the foolishness."

R. J. Wagner is pretty serious about this. At his studio, he has already laid down the law against gag pictures and layouts. He won't make eyes at girls for sweet publicity, or fake silly shots. He gives a flat "No" to ideas like, "How My Girls Should Act on A Date," "My Ten Rules For Popularity" and such. He's concerned about the wolf peg that's being hung on him—as it has been hung on every movie dream-

boat in his spot before. Bob dropped a new stack of records on the spindle to soothe the savage beast before he went into that.

"From what people read," he said, "you'd think I spent all my spare time chasing girls and partying around. Why, I haven't taken a girl out to a big Hollywood deal since I took Mona Freeman to the première of *The Robe*. Parties—I just don't care for parties, never have. When I do go I stop in early and leave early. Somebody asks me why I'm leaving and I say, 'Got to get up early and vote.'" Bob grinned. "Now, I like girls all right. I've got girls stashed away that I see all the time, swell girls—you wouldn't know them—but I don't see them in public if I can help it. Have you ever been 'a romance item?'" asked Wagner.

THAT IS PART of the routine Bob's stuck with. "It's okay," allowed Bob, "if it were true. But it isn't and then it's embarrassing to get tied up in print, not only for me but for the girl. I took out this girl, Josephine Abercrombie, in New York. A wonderfully nice girl. (Her folks run the big Abercrombie & Fitch store.) What do you know? Next morning somebody says I'm trying to marry an heiress! Marry her? I just met her! Things like that happen and what's the result? I add up like a jerk. So I just have to watch it and now and then get unhappy about it."

Not long ago, Bob recounted, he was paired off in a personal appearance junket with a starlet who shall be nameless here. When he climbed aboard the plane, there was a press agent by the girl's side putting a ring on her third finger. "An old family heirloom," he explained. "Let's get a picture." Bob can think fast. "Uh-uh," he declined. "Either the ring gets off the plane or I do." And he started for the door. Well, the same stunt was tried again. Both times he had to get tough about it, although he hates to be that way.

It's no secret, although Bob didn't say so, that he blew his stack more than he ever had before when that romance fiction about him and Terry Moore began hitting the newsstands while they were making *12-Mile Reef* in Florida. Terry and Bob have been thrown together plenty during the course of two careers that began to roll about the same time in the same place. Both are young and attractive and red hot in popularity. So what can you expect, by all the past, present and future formulas of Hollywood ballyhoo? But Bob just has other ideas about that sort of thing. He likes Terry, but he doesn't like being pictured as her love captive—not for a minute. There was more than one long distance call back to Hollywood from Florida and the message was, "Try to stop this—please!"

That's the difference between Bob Wagner and the usual young Hollywood shooting star. He won't use just everything for fuel to jet propel himself. He wants to rate the ride.

"I don't want to sound like a square or a snob," said Bob earnestly. "I don't think I am. But look, it's only good sense. You can't build a business on baloney. If you lose your honesty, if you ditch what you believe in, then it comes across on the screen. You've got to be somebody or you don't look and act like somebody. It's as simple as that. But really to be somebody I've got a lot to learn. And now's the time for me to buckle down."

TO BOB WAGNER his studio is his college. After prep school he had planned to take a course in business administration at Claremont Men's College. Acting jobs stopped that, but he's taking it just the same—right where he works. Bob's on intimate terms with everyone, from the Skourases to (*Continued on page 70*)

C'EST SI BON

No international tension here—for Ginger and Jacques, Franco-American relations couldn't be better!



Married for over a year, Ginger and Jacques have just made their first co-starring film.

■ Over a year ago when Ginger Rogers, then forty-two, and Jacques de Bergerac, then twenty-six, were married in Palm Springs, Hollywood guessed the marriage would last as long as Ginger wanted it to.

Ginger is one of those lovely, forceful actresses who stomps through life demanding to see the manager. She usually gets what she wants.

Before Evelyn Keyes introduced her to de Bergerac in Paris two years ago she had wanted three men: Jack Culpepper, a vaudevillian, Lew Ayres, an actor, and Jack Briggs, a Marine. Her desire was short-lived. She divorced each of them.

With de Bergerac, however, she says it's different. She expects this marriage to be her last. Ginger is going all-out to make her handsome, six-foot, two-inch husband a big-name star. It was largely through her intervention that MGM put de Bergerac under contract last year. The studio tried hard with the husky Frenchman, teaching him how to act and how to speak English, but the final screen tests were turned down.

Jacques tried other Hollywood studios. Unless his wife came with him, there were just no takers.

A few months ago, Ginger was offered a British picture entitled *Life Line*, the story of an American actress and a Frenchman.

Ginger not only accepted the role, "but I told the producer that Jacques was a natural for the Frenchman's role. I'm sure Jacques has what it takes to be a star. I simply know it." She bought interest in the production.

Life Line has been finished and moviegoers will have the opportunity to determine whether de Bergerac is really a good actor or whether love has clouded Ginger's judgment. She has been in love many times but it has not been known to fog her financial vision. She is one of the wealthiest actresses in the business.

Jacques gets nettled when interviewers suggest that his wife is sponsoring his career. He says he cannot understand why people in America make such a fuss about the age difference between Ginger and him.

"In France," he says, "when a man and his wife love each other nobody asks when they were born."

As for Ginger, she has never looked more radiant nor complained less.

During the filming of *Life Line*, the couple had to stay in a small country hotel in Middlesex where the beds were too small for them and the service was not what Miss Rogers is accustomed to. She remained cheerful.

Even when her furs were stolen she remained composed.

"Furs," she said, "are not vitally important. They can be replaced."

And with that she clutched her husband's arm, turned, and looked into his eyes as if to say, "But you, my dear, cannot."



Cyd Charisse models a smart, elasticized sheath swim suit of bright red and white checks. The news is in its Celanese Celaperm fabric that prevents colors from fading. The sweetheart bodice with grosgrain ruffle trim is side-boned (wear it with or without straps). Also blue or black checks with white. About $11. See Cyd next in MGM's **Brigadoon.**



Debbie Reynolds wears a lastex swim suit that features the popular horseshoe neckline. The shirred front has magic adaptability to all figure types. This suit can also be worn strapless. Colors: Royal blue, black or brown. About $9. Debbie keeps her hair soft and lovely with a U. S. Holland hair dry swim cap. See Debbie in MGM's **Athena.**



FOUR FOR THE SHOW

■ Exciting beach news of 1954 includes the glamorous Sea Nymph swim suits by Jordan that have been awarded the MODERN SCREEN Fashion Star Medal. These well-loved suits for sunny places everywhere feature sleek lines, easy cut, finest fabrics, luscious colors and expert workmanship. Lovely MGM stars Cyd Charisse, Debbie Reynolds, Elaine Stewart and Ann Miller pose in Sea Nymph swim suits for MODERN SCREEN's readers.

Facing page: Elaine Stewart and Ann Miller play twins under the sun in their identical faille lastex swim suits. The bodice has a soft feminine fold-down cuff, center tie—the hip-line has false flap pocket trim (the suit bodice is side-boned for strapless wear). Black, red, brown, yellow, royal blue or sky blue. About $9. Elaine Stewart is appearing in MGM's CinemaScope production *Brigadoon* and Ann Miller can be seen in MGM's Technicolor film *Athena.*

SEA NYMPH SWIM SUITS BY JORDAN MAY BE BOUGHT FROM STORES LISTED ON PAGE 77, IN PERSON OR BY MAIL



MORE ▶

a dream comes true—

FIGURE



■ The key to body beauty is yours with any one of Maidenform's brassieres. Maidenform received the 1954 MODERN SCREEN Fashion Star Medal for outstanding merit in design, construction, fabrics and styling of brassieres for every figure type. We chose the famous *Etude* strapless style because it so beautifully adapts itself to all types of clothes. This bra gently moulds and controls and is as comfortable as skin itself, for the wiring is safely and prettily covered, the body contacts padded with foam rubber, the cups form-stitched and the back band made of elastic. MODERN SCREEN likes to think of the *Etude* strapless as summer's favorite all-occasion bra. We feature it in white broadcloth. It costs about $3.50. We show it on this page with a white nylon net summer formal skirt which doubles with every dressy separates top. We add silvery slippers and fabulous rhinestone and sapphire costume jewelry for glitter.

All the beautiful costume jewelry—copies of real pieces—shown on this and the facing page is by Capri.

Hairstyles by Leo De Bras of Leonarde Salon, New York

MODERN SCREEN FASHION STAR

Hollywood Approved Fashions

PERFECTION

Right: Summer's little suit that travels or stays in town feels so cool and comfortable—looks so trim and figure-right when worn with Maidenform's *Etude* strapless bra. The classic linen suit with short-sleeved jacket boasts a perky collar and bound buttonholes—the skirt is pencil-slim. Smart accents are the golden necklace, earring and bracelet set, Dawnelle shortie gloves and Dorset-Rex handbag.

Below: Slip your favorite summer sweater over your *Etude* strapless bra—you'll have a glamorous contour as well as ease and freedom. Add a chic novelty belt, colorful 'kerchief and an exotic jumbo glass and golden bead necklace, earring and bracelet set for the love of a casual costume.

Maidenform brassieres are available at every fine department and specialty store



(*Continued from page 65*) the studio bootblack. Back east he trails through the business offices and buddies with the secretaries. He's at home in every department connected with making pictures, selling, distributing or showing them. Away from work his best friends are not kids his age interested only in their weekly checks and in having a ball. They're older people who can teach him the thousand things he's determined to know—people like Directors Walter Lang, Sammy Fuller, Eddie Dimytryk, Henry Hathaway, Mary and Richard Sale, the writers. He keeps an inquisitive pipeline open to every corner of the lot. Bob bought 100 shares of TCF stock last year and although it has almost doubled in price by now he wouldn't sell it if it hit the skies. He brought out a loose leaf file and riffled through it as we talked. "Stories," said Bob, "I read a lot. Some of these the studio has bought. You never can tell when there might be a part for a guy like me. Take *Prince Valiant,* for instance—"

Bob got that one strictly by his own initiative. He took the idea of the dashing medieval character right out of a comic strip he clipped and brought it into the office of producer Robert Jacks, Darryl Zanuck's son-in-law. Jacks liked the idea and promised to look into it. "When you do," suggested Bob, "give me a chance at the wig, will you?" Bob Jacks said he'd do. And, of course, Wagner wore the wig—for the best part he's had so far. What's more, the job he did there has already cinched him for another swashbuckling title role in *Lord Vanity,* the Shellabarger novel.

"The roughest time for me is between pictures—like right now," sighed Bob. "Look at me—jumpy as a witch. Can't settle down. I've lost nine pounds. You know, I really go off my nut when I'm not working. It's such a great kick to start a picture. I'm really living then. But you hit such a pace! When it's over, I can't cool down."

Bob used to cool down pasting a golf ball around the Bel-Air links. He'd still like to, but that is mostly a vain hope these days. "My mother gave me a beautiful golf set for Christmas," he said. "New rocket shaft Walter Hagen clubs, a terrific bag, black leather with red lining—that's my favorite color combination—but you know I haven't had a chance to break it in yet. My game's gone to pot. Dad beat me down in La Jolla and the boys at Bel-Air are going to take all my money when I get there. I just don't have time any more to practice. I get as far as the locker room, the telephone rings, and I'm back on the hook. It's a layout—or an interview."

"Like this."

Bob grinned. "Like this. And it's swell with me. Don't get me wrong. I'm lucky you're here. But what can I tell you? I'm such a dull character. All work and no play."

"You're not kidding me," I told him. "With you there's strictly no difference." That's what makes Bobby run. He's just plain crazy about his job.

"Come on," he fidgeted. "Let's get out of here. Take a tour around the lot, hey? Got to look after my interests."

So we took a tour around the lot. That is, it was a tour for me. For Bob Wagner it was just the daily and often all-day round, but he wouldn't trade it for a trip to the moon.

He couldn't take a step without somebody's hailing him. "Hey, Lover-Boy!" shouted a guy from the catwalk around the cutters' building. "Love her yourself!" yelled back Bob, "Everything under control?"

"Better come up and check."

He moseyed into the make-up department with all those mirrors, hair dryers and barbers' chairs. "See my *Broken Lance* test?" he asked the head make-up man anxiously, and got a nod. "How'd you like it?"

"Too dark."

"It's the photography, not the make-up," decided Bob. "Let's go in here." He pushed open a heavy door. Inside the dubbing stage hell was popping on a giant screen, as G.I.'s got drilled by machine guns. From the controls a chorus of voices greeted, "Hi, Bob," and went on with the slaughter for *Hell And High Water.* "Great reel," Bob told them after the lights flashed up. "Knocks you out of your seat."

"Thank you, Mister Wagner," bowed one in mock servility. "Yes, Mister Wagner. Then it's okay to go ahead?" But you could tell they loved the guy. Bob grinned. "What a crew!"

At the scoring stage a huge symphony orchestra thundered music as a tense *Demetrius* scene unreeled. The orchestra stopped midscore and everybody laughed. I didn't see why. "Piano forgot to come in," explained Bob.

"You lead orchestras, too?" I asked him. He laughed.

That's how it went all over the big plant—wardrobe, camera shop, make-up, script, a couple of dressingrooms and a few sound stages. Nothing exactly new to me but through Bob Wagner's eyes it did indeed seem wonderful, fabulous, fantastic and great. Those eyes were shining as we sat down in the cafe for a Coke.

"You know," said Bob, "sometimes this seems like a crazy town and a crazier world. Here I am just an ordinary guy, twenty-four years old, with all this luck and all this fuss. I'll go home now to my apartment, $125 a month, furnished with some things my folks left me when they moved—all I need. But I'm looking for another one, bigger and custom furnished with a whole new deal. For a while I thought about a house. Almost went for a made-over stable on a big place in Beverly Hills. But $39,500! Wow! I couldn't swing that. Actually, why should I want a house? Other day I tried to buy a horse named "Steel" in one of my pictures, but they wouldn't sell him. What would I do with a horse? Can't ride it. My bum eardrum hurts when I bounce. Just pet it, I guess."

"I spend a lot of money on clothes. This coat now, custom tailored, and these slacks by Hoffman-Tarzia. I don't really have to have clothes like this. Cars have cost me a lot, too. Lost money on trades—my Cadillac, MG, Ford, Mercury. I cracked up a couple. When I eat out, which is all the time, it's at Romanoff's or Chasens. Expensive. I came back from Florida broke. I've got a business manager now who's holding me down. What I mean is, sometimes it all seems crazy. Me, in a seventy per cent income tax bracket!

"I'm just the same guy I always was," Bob soliloquized. "But people say I'm a star when I'm nothing of the sort. They expect me to act differently, be different. Kids write letters and people ask me questions, as if anybody cared. 'Are you in love?' 'When are you going to get married?' "

"Well, when are you?"

"Someday, I guess. But not for a long, long while with what I've got to do. Right now I'm as free as the birds. But the point is: You can get a cockeyed slant on things from the spot I'm in if you don't watch out.

"But then," reflected Bob, "I come on this lot and I walk around and see what's here, what it's really all about. Big things going on all around. The greatest talent, brains and energy making important entertainment for millions of people all over the world. And I'm a part of it!

"That's the really wonderful thing that's happened to me. That's what I've got to prove I'm up to. Say," he choked it off, "can I give you a lift to your car? Got to dress, eat and catch a show."

We climbed into Bob's new Mercury, with all the gadgets, black finish outside, red leather inside. Bob gunned it confidently with a last loving look at the place he'd rather be than anywhere else, despite all you might hear to the contrary. He didn't seem so worried any more. "So long," he waved when we reached the gate. "Let's have a drink sometime and maybe another talk."

The gateman took my pass. "Been with Bob Wagner? A mighty fine boy," he said. "Going to be a big man around here one of these days."

I nodded. Why not? It's not exactly impossible. **END**



Who's a worry wart?

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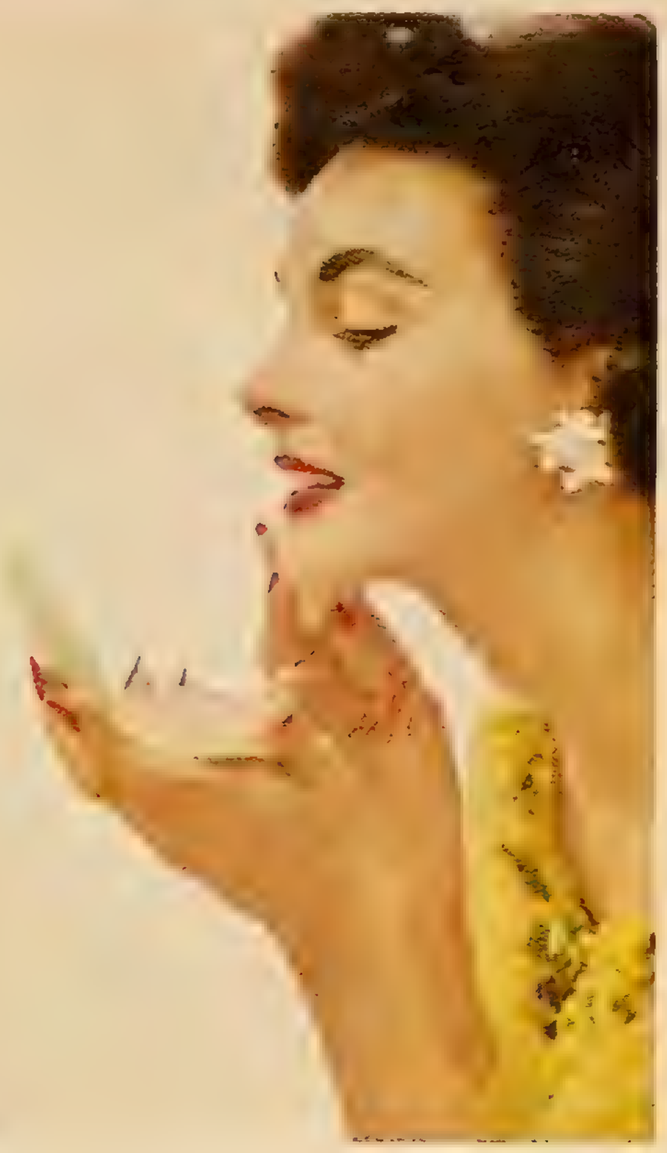
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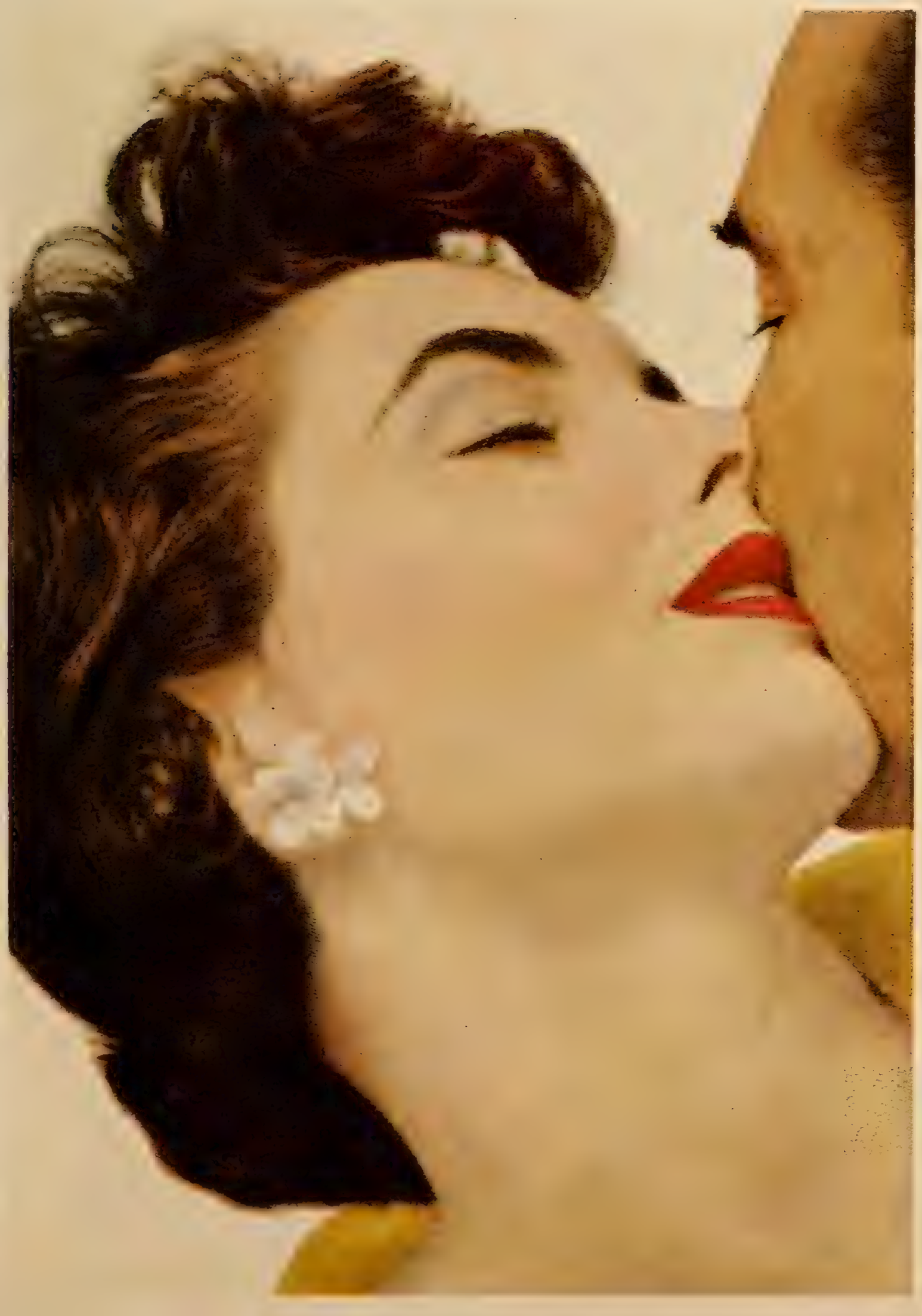
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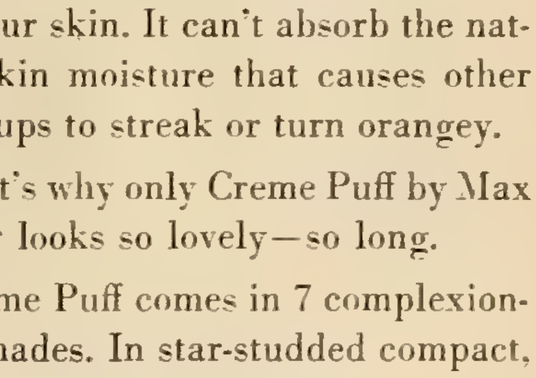
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just the facts, ma'am!

(*Continued from page 59*) private life. 'All I've tried to do is entertain the public and grab a little happiness. Naturally, I haven't any plans for marriage now. There are still nine months to wait before my divorce becomes final. I've been going with Dorothy Towne and I may marry her in the future.'"

Mr. Humphrey's reliability as a reporter is not to be questioned. Yet it is impossible to completely verify Jack's romantic plans. No man can be completely certain that he's going to wed any girl in nine days, let alone nine months. The facts, however, would seem to confirm that the romance with Dorothy is definitely on. A photographer who took pictures of them dancing together had this to say: "The only two people in Hollywood who never smiled for the camera in my recent experience have been Marilyn Monroe and Jack Webb. A few months back Marilyn began to smile. Now she's Mrs. DiMaggio. Every time I run into Webb he's smiling, so I draw my own conclusions."

Now a quote offered by Jack Webb to Erskine Johnson of the Los Angeles *Daily News,* in answer to the charge that he's too temperamental. Said Jack: "Sure, I've blown up on the set. I don't like to be distracted. It happens to everyone in our business. But I don't feel I'm difficult to get along with. I've had the same cameraman and most of the same crew for sixty pictures. I really don't take myself seriously."

AND HE DOESN'T, although the same attitude does not apply to his work. Sleuthing for MODERN SCREEN, I waited for the formidable Webb in a corner office on the third floor of the Animation building on what the Walt Disney lot is pleased to call Dopey Street. Exactly seven minutes later, the highest rated actor in TV movies walked in, apologized, and said, "Holy cow, we're not so busy we have to be impolite." That was a good beginning. As a rule Hollywood actors never beg your pardon unless they are an hour behind schedule. I warmed to this guy immediately.

I asked him: "Do you mind all these imitations of you, like the records, the nightclub character and such?"

"Why should I?" he asked. "I'll be frank with you. I personally don't care for the Jones record, for instance. There's some vulgarity in it. It doesn't stick with the spirit of the program, which I'd think must be in any real satire. But it's all right, I guess. Imitation's the sincerest form of flattery. Of course, they *could* imitate you right out of the business, but it's never worked out that way. Take the first good imitation—the record by Stan Freberg. If I couldn't laugh at that I'd be in a sad way."

Although he is sometimes referred to as an actor with a crew haircut, Jack Webb's almost jet black hair is just plain short, not collegiate. Also, he is younger than he appears on the screen. Joe Friday would appear to be forty, smack on the button. Webb is thirty-three years old. He differs from Friday in other ways. His face is much more mobile, his smile more frequent, his justly admired voice freer and less measured.

And on that point I questioned Mr. Webb again. "I don't mean to put you on the defensive all the time, but your critics and *Dragnet's* charge that this voice business is an over-stylized device."

Webb rose to the needling, grabbed the hook nicely. "I'll answer that. In the first place we don't make *Dragnet* for the critics. In the second, third and several other places, we haven't had any demand for a change of pace or tempo from the public. When we do, we'll start making some changes. The public's my boss—period."

That's unusual. Movie-makers' attitudes in the past have been that the public consists largely of morons who darned well will take what they're handed. Webb says, "Not too long ago the public told us to relax a little. Nobody else could have told us unless it would be the Los Angeles Police Department. If in one day's letters I receive as many as fifteen urging one particular reform, and if there are not many dissenters, then there's a good chance that we may make the change. Last season, you may remember, we made our first pass at humor. It was real quiet humor, the key we thought fitted us best."

A SECRETARY came in with a script, put it in front of Webb and then handed him a postcard. He turned it over to me, grinning. It was from a girl in the Middle West who expressed the hope that Friday and fiancée would marry so that she, the writer, could baby-sit for them. "That one's a bit premature," Webb observed, "but a helpful soul, don't you think?"

Turning serious again I brought up the subject, carefully, that has been tossed around among the gossips. Namely that

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Jack Webb considers himself heaven's gift to TV and that his opinions and only his are worth anything. His response was not that of a badgered witness.

"Look, *Dragnet's* my responsibility. If they don't like it that way I'm the guy to kick. In fact, I guess I'm the guy to kick for almost anything they don't like. I'm the director and I help with the writing."

It might even be said with full candor that Webb is "the works." Webb is *Dragnet* and *Dragnet* is Webb. That is the way he feels about it. "It was a fair little show to begin with. Nothing terribly ambitious. But now I can feel for Dr. Frankenstein. The show's the monster and I'm the slave. It stuns me a little, what's happened. But there's a difference. The good doctor had a pretty wet time after his creation hit its stride. Me, I sort of like it."

There is little doubt that Jack Webb thoroughly enjoys what he is doing, a strong contrast to most actors who, upon reaching a position in which the public indirectly pays them around $5,000 a week, declare that they hate every second of the time spent exposing themsleves to the cameras. This again puts Webb in a class with men like Alan Ladd and Clark Gable, who actually enjoy acting. It also removes Webb from the class of actors whose small talent has rapidly expanded their hat size.

STILL, JACK'S friends wish he could slow up a little. A few sob sisters credit the fact that *Dragnet* all but consumed Jack's life for the breakup of his marriage to Julie London Webb last year. This is untrue. The better informed—Webb among them—think he thrives on a fourteen-hour working day, no hobbies and many outside interests.

"It isn't actually as bad as they say," Webb contends. "I like to visit friends, have a couple of beers and bat the breeze, and I *am* interested in a lot of things besides *Dragnet* and show business." Two of those include his four-year-old daughter, Stacy, whom he likes to have visit him at the studio, and his almost-two-year-old daughter, Lisa. They are interested in him, too, and so are a lot of other kids. You can't fool children. They don't always go for actors who are publicized as their favorites. But one kid said, "Joe Friday—Mr. Webb—he's real. I went up to him once when he was busy talking to some important people. He walked away from them, gave me his autograph and talked to me a long while. He didn't have to."

Jack Webb does a lot of things he doesn't have to do. One of them is to really worry about the personal welfare of 150 or more people who directly earn their living through Mark VII Productions. They have to eat. They have kids and mortgages on their homes, too.

Webb doesn't make a big point of this, except to say: "Like some other actor-producers I'm responsible to a lot of people besides myself. So maybe I worry a little and look glum sometimes. That doesn't mean I'm taking myself too seriously or thinking I'm a crusader. How pompous could I get? We're entertainers. If a mission sets in along the way, then let's get it accomplished, and in this case part of that mission is a better understanding of the men who serve on the police force. Take the average policeman. His pay isn't much. Down here on Main Street a policeman breaks up a barroom brawl and some woman tears the sleeve off his uniform. *He's* got to pay for that, and on a salary most of us in Hollywood think we couldn't live on. So, we've got no soapbox, but I've wanted to point a program at just that situation. But do you think the Los Angeles Police Department would let us? Absolutely not. They don't want favors. Not collectively or individually."

It's too bad that Jack Webb couldn't be put in charge of a campaign to dramatize the needs of the courageous and quiet men who enforce our laws silently day in and day out without complaint. Indirectly, he already does that, but if flattered on the subject he'll only scowl a little and say, "It makes us (he habitually includes his whole crew in speaking of the show) damn happy that most policemen like us and people approve of Joe Friday."

DELVING INTO Jack's private life requires a dissolve to a not-too-posh section of Los Angeles where a somewhat frail and asthmatic child was raised by his mother and maternal grandmother because his parents were divorced. Forced by ill health and semi-poverty into rather sedentary pursuits, he became absorbed with painting. Later he turned to a scholarly interest in jazz and jam sessions, a fact which is significant in view of his plan to



film a series for TV called *Peter Kelly's Blues*. Mr. Kelly will be not unlike the late Bix Beiderbecke who led a brief, intense life during the Hoagy Carmichael college day era.

But that's a little ahead of the story. Jack Webb had to forego a college education to support his family—the two women who during the worst of his asthma had carried him up hills and stairways. He became a clothing salesman, then switched to a rather aimless and bitter pursuit of acting because of the necessity for more money.

In 1947 Jack married Julie London, after being pleasurably staggered by a pin-up picture of her printed in a magazine during the war. After V-J day they were married. Both took hard the failure of their marriage some three years later. Jack, unlike most of the male favorites in the entertainment world, has refused to discuss the matter with anyone although he is constantly pressed to make public statements.

This writer, who served a little time as a police reporter, tried, then gave up, figuring that Jack Webb is one man who really means it when he passes the word that he doesn't want his private life or the lives of those around him invaded. Well, you can't blame him. The memories harbored by the big home in Encino are not too happy. Folks out that way miss him, though. Like over at Love's Barbeque Restaurant. He used to drop in there now and then for their really famous barbecued beef sandwiches with deep oven baked beans. So did a lot of other stars of both television and the cinema. But Jack Webb's autographed picture is the only one they framed and hung on the wall.

"I don't know, though," one of the waitresses said recently. "We're remodeling and if he doesn't get in here pretty soon, we may take him down." She said it affectionately, though, and I promised to remind Mr. Webb next time I saw him. I'm sure he doesn't intentionally neglect any of his old cronies, but now he lives way across town in an old-style bungalow kitty-corner from the old Bette Davis home on Franklin Avenue. He lives quietly with his mother and only a few of the closer neighbors know that the fellow who drives up in that sleek white Cadillac convertible is the Joe Friday they see on their television sets.

HE'S A PRETTY average sort of guy whose talent has caught fire in a big way. People will say a lot of things about him simply because he keeps his mouth shut and tends his own affairs in the gaudy, drum-beating world of show business. In trying to show Jack Webb as he really is, you can't find a better tag line than the quote pried out of him by Hal Humphrey, from whom we swiped a few colorful lines earlier in this yarn.

To wit: "I'm no angel, but I still can look at myself in the mirror when I shave." —Jack Webb. **END**

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towards the sun

(*Continued from page 45*) when I began to feel uncomfortable and decided I had better go up for air. Then I realized that the roof of the cave had been sloping down all the time and I was deeper than I ordinarily dive. It might take me longer than I thought to get my breath—too long, maybe!

Don't let anyone tell you that a man can't sweat under water. I was panicky getting out of there. My clearest memory is of that split second when I turned around to swim out of the cave. Around and behind me was murk and deep shadow. Ahead, through the opening, was sunlight streaming down from above—streaming down like the light that used to fall on the altar of the church where I served as an acolyte.

I don't know how I reached the surface again. As I floated there and slowly regained my composure I knew again that for me there could never be any doubt. The difference between being in the church and out of it was like the difference between being in the sunshine which now warmed me and being in that cave—that cold cavern—below.

I have friends who don't look to God, or to any spiritual force for that matter, and it is to them that I wish I could present this picture of faith. Because He and His meaning are so necessary to me as to be an inalienable part of my existence.

I did not need to be frightened in a far-off ocean to learn this—only to realize it again. It has come to me at times when there was no fear; just the opposite, in fact. Only a few winters ago I was skiing at Winter Park, Colorado, all alone on the great white expanse of the mountainside, when a feeling of indescribable exhilaration overcame me. I was alone and yet I had a positive sensation that I had never in my life before been so close to Someone. These things are too personal to be explained, I know. Yet from the attempts others have made to explain them to me I know that they happen to all of us. We are all equally favored—if we but care to respond.

MAYBE I AM fortunate in that I had a warm and satisfying relationship with my faith, the Episcopalian, right from the start. There are times in the lives of all small boys when any church service is too long to sit through. That time was over quickly for me, perhaps, because of a rather dramatic episode in my childhood.

I was only five years old when I suffered a severe attack of appendicitis. Surgery was followed by peritonitis and then nephritis. I can remember lying on my hospital cot, quite conscious although I was in a state of crisis.

A nurse had come to the bed and was leaning over me when she asked, "How long has he been like this?"

There was a reply, some hurried movements and then the beginning of emergency treatment that seemed to involve everything from slapping my face and administering injections, to piling me into warm blankets and even surrounding me with infra-red lamps. I had gone into a stage preliminary to a death coma.

But while I was aware of the fact that the doctors and the nurses were fighting for my life with all the medical skill at their command, I knew also that my parents had been summoned, and our priest, and that they were praying for me. What came through to me then as the telling force, the most powerful force, were their prayers. This impression I cannot forget. It may well have been behind my decision, later on, when I was in high school, to become an acolyte at our church—Christ's Episcopal of Whitefish Bay in Milwaukee.

I was studying music at this time and one of my favorite ways of spending a weekday afternoon was to enter the church quietly when no one was about and softly play the electric organ. I'm not telling about this as an illustration of my piety. I have an idea that it was my secret desire to be a performer that was being satisfied here. Even so, I like to know that I got the satisfaction from my church.

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ordinarily no one ever entered it during a weekday afternoon so my musical sessions were rarely interrupted. But one day, as I was playing, a man and woman came in and sat down quietly as if to pray. I didn't know what to do and finally left the organ and approached them.

"Would you rather I didn't play?" I asked.

They looked at me in surprise. "Of course not," said the woman. "Please go on," the man told me.

From their manner I knew they had accepted my music as a part of the atmosphere of the church, like its vaulted ceiling and stained glass windows. I felt that perhaps I should be a part of it.

Ever since, music has appealed to me as an important and impressive part of any service, and perhaps the most impressive part of it is the way it internationalizes man. On my trip abroad I visited churches whose pastors I could not understand because of difference in language—or even difference in dialect when my own language was spoken. But all of the difference was wiped out and it was like being back in my own church when the organist sat down and the melody and surge of an inspiring hymn rolled out. When I went to Westminster Abbey in London, where of course I understood the sermon, I still felt like a tourist until the music started. At that moment I became a worshiper.

ONE TENDS to think of faith as a phenomenon stemming only from the church. Personally I have never believed that a man must be in front of the altar or even technically within the church to be assured of sanctification. I really feel that God can be found anywhere and by any name. A man seeking God can find Him if he doesn't worry so much about *where* to find Him as *how*. The great truths about Him, it seems to me, are not confined to any special place.

But for most people I do think that membership in a definite denomination and attendance at formal services are the most rewarding of spiritual relationships. The rituals involved, so often criticized as only pageantry, are important because they symbolize man's hunger for salvation. They help create an emotional appeal and I can see nothing wrong in this. The most human thing about people is emotion. A church whose spire points to the sky, whose altar glows with warm radiance, whose priest stirs the heart as well as the intellect with his message, is in my opinion playing its proper inspirational role in the lives of its membership.

I remember visiting the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago one Sunday. As I entered the church I noticed that many of the men walking in with me were derelicts of the most dejected type. They were so badly dressed they looked like so many tramps. But most depressing was the lost look on their faces, eyes staring out at a world which had no meaning for them.

Not three quarters of an hour later I had witnessed a virtual transfiguration of all these men. They had heard in the ensuing time a message of inspiration from a man as old as any of them, but with a

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heart that overflowed with the happiness he had found in his calling as a minister. And he made it plain that this was the *only* difference between him and the other men; he had no more worldly goods, no better health, probably. Having narrowed down this difference he proceeded to eliminate it altogether by calling for volunteers to join him as Christians.

They began to stand up and their faces shone with hope. You forgot how they were dressed outwardly in the wonder of how they had changed inwardly. This happened in a church. Men had entered with hunger in their stomachs but it had been proved that their souls and hearts were even hungrier. This could happen only in a church.

As I have mentioned before, the mood of devotion and closeness to my faith comes as often to me on a lonely mountain as it does when I am sitting in my pew. Nevertheless, I am a church member. In Hollywood I attend the Episcopalian Church of St. Mary of the Angels. The reason for my regular attendance is that I go not only to worship but to re-orient myself to the world in which I live.

Within the atmosphere of my church I am struck by realizations about myself that would not come to me otherwise. I can review my attitudes and actions with a clarity which I attain, I think, because I am released from the ordinary tensions of the day at such a time. It is possible, for instance, to harbor an intolerant view of someone or to have offended a friend without knowing that one has been guilty of a serious social breach. Then one takes time out to meditate quietly and the truth dawns.

MY FAITH IS a direct source of strength to me, of course. The first screen test I made for a Hollywood studio was not a good one and I earned a negative report. I pretended it didn't matter but fooled no one—certainly not myself. The future of my acting career looked black and my heart felt like someone had hung weights on it. The feeling persisted until I decided one afternoon to go to church.

There was no service, no other person; just me brooding in my seat. As always, I felt the flow of His spirit and against it my negative thinking could not persist. When I left I knew that nothing had happened that wasn't for the best. Not long afterward my earlier test came to the attention of 20th Century-Fox, my present studio, and this time I won out. But even if this had not come about my heart and my courage would not have failed me again.

As a young husband and a new father I am not too crazy about all the traveling an actor has to do; it seems I am always being separated from those I love and sent into lonely exile. I was only two days married when I had to leave my wife and go on location in Norfolk, Virginia. This was four years ago, during the filming of *Princess Of The Nile* in which I worked with Debra Paget and Michael Rennie and it was at Christmas time, too.

I can see myself now, wandering through the streets of Norfolk alone, not knowing what to do. And then one day I got an idea and entered the old Saint Paul's Episcopal Church where I met the Rev. Moultrie Guerry. We had a long talk, he sensed my loneliness and took me home with him to dinner. I met Mrs. Guerry, his twenty-year-old son, Moultrie, Jr., and his daughter, Sally. In the warmth of this family gathering I felt almost as if I were at home with my own folks and my wife.

Two years later I was again pulled away from those I loved by my work—and again at the worst possible time. This time I had been a father for only a week when I had to leave on that trip to Malta I

spoke about before. The birth of our son, Christopher, made us a nice little family of three but I soon broke this up by going to Europe and staying there for four months. What peace of mind I had when I took off I had obtained from my prayers for the welfare of Barbara and Kit. The fact that I could continue to pray for them while I was away, in full confidence that my prayers were being heard, was my remaining and only consolation.

I'm afraid, as I read what I have written up to now, that I have sounded like a preacher myself. Well, there could be reason for this since I once planned to enter the ministry.

When World War II ended I was a high school senior and still an acolyte. One Sunday a young visiting priest officiated at our services in church. I assisted him at the altar and he thanked me afterward. "It's nice to have an acolyte help you," he said. "The last service I conducted I conducted alone. It was The Service of the Dead at Iwo Jima."

The war was still fresh in my mind. I had even contemplated enlisting as soon as I had graduated. With his words I suddenly got a new conception of priesthood—the romance of it as well as the spiritual dedication of it.

After I left school, however, I knew my talents better and thought I might make an actor. But, as you can see, the preaching urge has not died out entirely! **END**

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Piper Laurie and accordionist D. Contino.

THIS TIME FOR REAL?

Piper and Dick have weathered a lot to see whether or not this is love.

■ One of Hollywood's best kept secrets has been the years-old bond of affection between actress Piper Laurie and singer Dick Contino.

You've read about Piper and her other romances, producer Leonard Goldstein, actor Dick Anderson, hotel heir David Schine, crooner Vic Damone and movie executive Charles Simonelli; but until recently there has been no public mention of the young singing accordionist.

Contino, in a case that made national headlines a few years ago, was sentenced to jail for evading the draft. Studio executives—not Piper—believed that any connection between them, however remote, might affect her career adversely.

Contino was released and promptly volunteered for military service and the Army shipped him to Korea.

He was returned to California and honorably discharged in January. When he got back to Hollywood the first girl he phoned was Piper Laurie.

"We had a lot to talk over so we went riding around town, and then the next time I took her to Mocambo and the camera boys took our pictures, and well—it was just wonderful seeing and being with her again."

Piper and Dick had met three years before "the incident," as he calls it.

"I asked a movie magazine editor for her phone number," he remembers. "She was very nice and gave me a date. We saw quite a bit of each other.

"This is a funny kind of town, and when you're on top the way I was (Contino used to average $5,000 a week as a night club performer) everyone is your pal. The minute something happens all your pals walk out.

"But all during the trouble Piper stood by me. When things were darkest she wrote me letters, gave me encouragement. She has a lot of character. She's been over to Korea twice in her spare time just to entertain the troops. I saw her over there about a year ago, and it was just like the sun coming out of the clouds."

While Contino was overseas, Piper often went out with producer Leonard Goldstein, of whom she says, "He's as old as my father, but he's a friend—not a romantic interest. The columnists insist on coupling us, so I don't argue. But Leonard is a man with whom I discuss my problems."

With Dick Contino she discusses marriage, love and the pursuit of happiness.

Piper is proud of her friendship with Dick and doesn't care who knows about it. If Dick made a mistake, certainly he's paid for it.

Says Contino, "Piper is one girl in a million, and I know it. Sure, we've discussed marriage. But we both know that I've got to re-establish myself in show business, that I've got to work like a dog, that I've got to be accepted again by the American public. (Contino started his comeback at the Mocambo on March 2.)

"Piper's got her own career to think of, and neither of us is ready for a wedding. At least I'm not—not for several years.

"There's one thing I can't say strongly enough.

"This girl stood by me when the going was toughest. If she wanted it she could have my right arm. That's how much I think of her.

"Maybe she'll fall in love and marry someone else. But she'll always have a friend in me. She is the finest girl I've ever met."

It seems that Piper Laurie feels much the same way about Dick Contino. Which is why you will be reading about the beautiful redhead and her handsome accordionist.

This looks like a real romance, the first real romance in Piper Laurie's twenty-two years.

TV TALK

(*Continued from page 16*) She's chaperoned by her young-looking mother now (she was all alone in Hollywood). Mama speaks hardly any English. She cooks for Zizi, advises her about her career, and takes care of her wardrobe. Zizi's clothes fall into two categories—plain, dark dresses and skirts and sweaters for work and gorgeous Dior gowns for public appearances. She buys only shoes in this country. Everything else she wears comes from her home town, Paris . . . **Jean Carroll** may turn up on other TV shows with her funny routines, but she'll never appear on **Ed Sullivan's** program again. He still gets livid at her last performance. Seems she sneaked in a little blue material when Ed wasn't looking. And that's one thing Old Stone Face won't put up with . . . When the news that **Jackie Cooper** and **Hildy Parks** were getting a divorce hit the papers, it sure surprised a lot of people—but not for any of the usual reasons. Most people didn't even know they were married! Jackie is now living in **Barry Nelson's** big one-room penthouse apartment in Greenwich Village. Hildy is seen around a lot with the famous television columnist **John Crosby.** They've been going together pretty steadily for a year now. But John, though separated from his wife, is still married . . . That rapport that you feel between Lucy and Ricky Ricardo and Ethel and Fred Mertz on *I Love Lucy* is for real. **Lucy and Desi** are very good friends with **Vivian Vance** and **Bill Frawley,** and the jokes fly as fast on the set as they do on the screen . . . Lots of TV people are beginning to get annoyed with **Robert Montgomery** because he spends so much time in the White House. Montgomery can do wonders with the President's morale before he goes on TV. He soothes Ike's nerves and fixes everything so that Ike doesn't have to worry. He works so hard for the President that he sometimes spends five days a week in Washington. How does he still do his TV show? Well, some people near the show claim it's much less confusing *and* better since the boss cut down on his working hours . . . Don't pay attention to the rumors that **Sid Caesar** and **Imogene Coca** don't get along. They have their troubles, as who doesn't? But they are devoted friends, and they're going to miss each other when they go their separate ways next fall . . . **Walter Cronkite** wanted that job on *The Morning Show* very badly. Imagine wanting to be at work long before seven A.M.! But Walter moved to New York months before it went on the air so he'd be available for all the auditions. He left his pretty red-headed wife and two little girls in Washington. They're still there, too. Walter is very social, very well liked, and his friends range from senators to **Gypsy Rose Lee** . . . For some reason, no one expects to like **Sloan Simpson,** but everyone who meets her ends up loving her . . . Another lady who is universally admired—on and off television—is **Arlene Francis.** If a popularity vote were taken in the trade, Arlene would win it hands down. She is just what she seems to be on television—friendly, charming, witty and *very* competent. When she talks about things on *Home,* you can bet she knows what she's talking about. When she bought a house in New York City and decided to do it over, she took care of everything herself—even hiring the plumbers and the roofers. The only difference between Arlene on TV and in private life is that 1) she looks younger in person and 2) she chews gum all the time she's off the screen—vigorously.



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•TRADEMARK

clark gable

(*Continued from page 33*) been very much in love while they were making *Mogambo;* and of Suzanne Dadolle, the French charmer of the odd name, with whom his name was later linked all over Europe.

Grace is supposed to have pined so deeply for Clark after their romance cooled that, 'tis said, she threw herself headlong into an unfortunate romance with another handsome actor after she returned to Hollywood.

"Grace is only a kid," Clark said, "but what a nice one! I used to go on safaris with two white hunters and the natives while we were working in Africa. One day Grace asked if she could go along. After that she made many trips with us.

"I said to her one day, 'Why do you do this? These natives smell to high heaven; they've never had a bath. The safari is dangerous and uncomfortable for a girl raised in a city as you were with all the luxuries and conveniences.'

"And Grace would answer me impishly, 'I expect to get married some day and have children and I want to tell my children—and later my grandchildren—Mommy went on a safari with Clark Gable! How can I know what such an adventure is like if I don't have the actual experience? It's purely an adventure in research,' she'd laugh."

Clark went on, "You know Grace comes of a very fine family. Sometimes I was surprised that her parents let her travel so many miles to Africa without someone to look after her. But in many ways she's a rugged individualist, a girl determined to lead her own life and a good actress."

"Did you and Grace ever bring back any game from your trips?" I asked.

"Only small game," Clark said, and I smiled at what could have been a quip.

"We saw many lions and elephants, majestic and beautiful in their own realm, and well, I never had the heart to shoot one of the magnificent beasts.

"One day we came on a herd of twelve elephants and we were so close it would have been easy to kill one or two. But it would have been *too* easy, just wanton destruction with all the element of sport left out. So we left them alone."

"Clark, these sound like exciting adventures to share with a woman," I pressed. "Were you in love with Grace?"

He threw up his hands. "Oh, Louella—you'll never change! Don't you know that I am incurably romantic, that I love all the beautiful women who cross my path? Grace is a wonderful, wonderful girl and the man who gets her will be very lucky indeed."

It was pretty obvious, however, that King Gable won't be this lucky man.

"Then you left Africa and went to Paris and all the papers started hinting that you were going to marry the beautiful French model, Suzanne Dadolle," I prompted, beginning to feel, I'll admit, a bit like a district attorney.

AT THE MENTION of Suzanne's name, Clark spoke briskly. "There was never any engagement," he said. "Miss Dadolle and I never spoke of marriage. We dined together, went to the nightclubs and theatres, had fun. She is very beautiful. I enjoyed being with her—and I got a kick out of the way she made me speak French. Improved my French greatly!"

This charming rogue! How can the lovely ladies resist him? The answer is, most of them don't.

You may have noticed that Clark had far less to say about Suzanne than about Grace—which could be because he resents the interviews given out by Mlle. Dadolle to the French press saying that she and Clark were to be married. The gal even talked about how much she was going to love living on his ranch in Encino with "all the cows and chickens."

It isn't any secret around Paris that if Clark had ever asked, "Will you marry me?" Suzanne would have said yes so fast and loudly it would have been heard all the way from Gay Paree to Hollywood.

No, everything considered, Mr. Gable is not of a mind to discuss Mlle. Dadolle at any great length. She put him in the uncomfortable position any man hates of having to deny a lady's word.

Although I am well aware that Clark is making frequent trips to Arizona ('tis said (a) to look over ranch property, (b) to settle a lawsuit), I'm sure that there is a far stronger attraction there. Not a ranch. A widow.

I mean the wealthy heiress to the Jones sausage fortune, Mrs. Betty Chisholm, a charming woman in her late thirties and one of Arizona's most delightful hostesses.

Her husband was killed in an automobile accident three years ago and since that time Mrs. Chisholm has divided her time between her large ranch where she loves the outdoor life and her beautiful town home near Tucson.

Not exactly the type of exotic beauty who has always intrigued Clark in the past, she is a woman of great charm and tact and understanding.

Methinks Clark believes few people are aware of his interest in the Arizona lady. As of the moment, I decided to switch our talk from the femmes to Clark's plans for now and the future.

I'd really given him a bit of a going over

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about his romances and I didn't want to frighten him off—for the moment.

"Why did you decide to end your long contract with MGM so suddenly?" I asked. It was a sudden change of subject but a topic I was really curious about.

MY GUEST stretched his long legs, shrugged his shoulders.

He said, "It wasn't the sudden decision it might appear. I gave it much thought. And what I thought is—twenty-three years is a long time to spend in one place.

"I think you know, Louella, that I haven't liked some of the stories I was getting.

"And, to be even more frank, there is a more personal reason. I'm fifty-four years old. I've worked hard, very hard, for almost a quarter of a century. I'm in a financial position where it's time for me to stop and think things over and perhaps let many of my life's experiences sink in.

"I suppose you might say the time has come to slow down, take inventory, and see where I'm going.

"I don't mean for a minute that I'm planning to give up acting. I'm an actor and I'm going to make other pictures. But I'm going to make the ones I want where I want to make them, and when.

"Let's put it this way about me," he went on, "I'm a little tired. As of the moment, I don't want to do anything except what I want to do. That means travel here or there, or remain put. It means playing golf, seeing old friends. And it also means dashing off somewhere if I want to—without explanations. It means thinking not too seriously about anything—and thinking seriously about everything. Maybe that sounds mixed up. But it's the way I feel."

To me, who has known him so well, it's perfectly understandable.

The King has dwelt on the heights for so long under the constant high pressure of perhaps the greatest career ever enjoyed by a male star that it is a vital and a necessary thing for him to pause temporarily, to slow down for the moment from the dizzy pace of the great fame that has been his for so many spinning years.

Clark's present frame of mind recalls the beginning of a poem by Robert Service which I once read:

"An angel was tired of Heaven
As he lounged in the Golden Street,
His halo was tilted sideways
And his harp lay mute at his feet."

The King has never pretended to wear a halo. But as of right now his crown is tilted sideways and his career is quiet at his feet.

It is a long road from the Olympian heights he has dwelt on for twenty-five years back to *The Last Mile* on the Los Angeles stage where I first saw the tall, thin fellow with the too-big ears.

It was the play that first brought him to the attention of the movie scouts and set him on the road to stardom—but it wasn't as easy as it reads here.

Gable created one riot in his first picture, *The Painted Desert*. He wasn't the pretty-boy type of hero popular in those days. And he took an awful beating about his ears.

But the young Gable was not easily discouraged. When he left his home town in Cadiz, Ohio, and joined a stock company he had made up his mind that nothing was going to stand in the way of his being an actor. He always had this goal even when he was forced to take jobs on the waterfronts or in the oil fields to help finance himself.

But everybody knows the life story of Clark Gable. It's as well known, perhaps even better known, than the life of the President of the United States.

And his love life down through the years has been equally exposed to the public gaze, even the great tragedy of losing the woman he loved with all his heart, Carole Lombard.

CLARK HAD MENTIONED during our conversation that he is not selling his ranch in Encino, saying, "My roots are there and the happiest days of my life were spent in the house where Carole and I lived for three wonderfully happy years."

Clark never feels any hesitancy in mentioning Carole to me for in the old days we had been a happy foursome—Carole and Clark and Dr. Harry Martin and I. Our ranch was close to the Gables' and the memory of those happy days we had shared came back to both of us as we talked.

As I have said many times, Carole was the one real love of Clark's life. She spent all her time planning little surprises for him. She was a girl who would rather give than receive.

She was high-hearted and gay and very beautiful and luxury-loving. Yet when she gave her heart to Clark she went all the way, even to changing her way of life to share the things that interested him, outdoor life, hunting trips, skeet shooting, ranching, roughing it.

Clark was her man. If they had little arguments they made them up quickly and the fun of kissing and making up and forgiving and forgetting was what helped make their marriage a good one.

No matter what Clark did, it was all right with Carole. She, too, had had other loves in her life—she had been married, not too long nor too happily to William Powell, and there had been her much publicized romance with the tragic Russ Colombo.

But Clark was Carole's world.

I mention in detail their happy life together because I firmly believe that it was the memory of the great love he bore Carole that made impossible Clark's chances of happiness with Lady Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks (to give most of her names), his last attempt at matrimony.

Where Carole had *given*, Sylvia, very spoiled by Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., before his death, asked or *demanded*. And they made the fatal mistake of living in the same house where Clark had known such happiness with Carole.

Sylvia, pampered and petted by Fairbanks and other husbands and loves in her life, expected the same attention from Clark. Her attitude was a great contrast to Carole's constant thought of him and everything he wanted.

The last (and he says final) Mrs. Gable started redecorating the ranch house and changing it to *her* taste and her taste was very expensive. When the big bills started coming in, plus the fact that Gable hated Sylvia's ultra-feminine changes, the storms which eventually blew up their marriage began.

That the English beauty was desperately in love with Clark cannot be denied. But she didn't know how to handle him from the very moment of their elopement to Alisal Ranch in Santa Barbara (which really electrified Hollywood) to the moment he ordered her belongings moved from his ranch.

Sylvia grieved deeply when she lost Gable. All the women who have lost him have grieved—and have never forgotten him. She literally went into retirement for weeks, sobbing her heart out and refusing to see any of her friends.

THE SAME THING happened when Clark and his first wife, drama coach Josephine Dillon (a woman years older than he) parted; and again when his marriage with wealthy Texas heiress Rita Hangham



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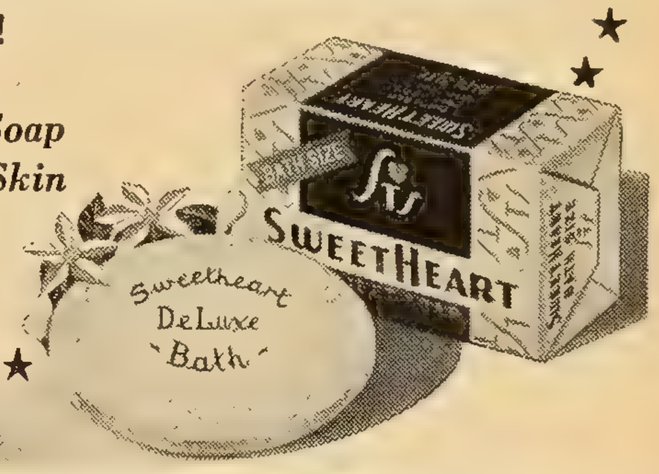
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came to an end. Rita, too, was older than Clark, but she was an attractive woman with social graces and she taught Gable much about gracious living.

Rita, like Carole later, worshipped Clark and her home was run to please him although she had a grown son and daughter. I knew Rita and Clark well in those days—and though it may surprise you—I think Clark really tried to make a go of this marriage.

Perhaps the real trouble was that he was too young a man to be married to a woman much older and too young to be the step-parent of an adult son and daughter.

When they both realized their marriage could not go on, Rita was disconsolate and Clark was blue.

I was the first person he told that he and Rita would separate as soon as a financial settlement could be made.

Despite her devotion, Rita was a tough bargainer and some months went by after he left his home before the divorce was arranged.

After Rita's divorce, Clark married Carole, and I repeat, it is the memory of this one complete and whole love in his life that has colored Clark's reaction to all women ever since. Carole set an almost impossible standard.

Not that there haven't been "romances." There have been interludes, I believe, when Clark has imagined that he had found true love again, but the interludes did not last long.

His most serious love affair after Carole's death was with glittering, sophisticated woman of the world, Dolly O'Brien, the fabulous blonde and wealthy darling of continental café society who completely charmed Clark with her wit, her life, her clothes and jewels.

There was a time when he might have married Dolly. That's how seriously he fell. She was the first to realize it would never work out for them.

"His world is not my world," Dolly once said. "Clark could not be happy for long in my world any more than I could be happy in his."

Even before Dolly there was a girl in his life who became a celebrity of sorts as "the girl Gable always comes back to"—lovely, appealing, sympathetic Virginia Grey. The young actress loved The King very much. To this day she speaks from the heart when she talks about Clark. "He is the finest and most wonderful man I have ever known," Virginia will tell you without hesitation.

STILL ANOTHER interesting "thrill" in Gable's life was gay, vivid, blue-eyed Kay Williams with whom Clark shared many laughs and had lots of fun. Kay amused him as perhaps no other belle has ever done. She used to put on the most outré outfits to spend a day roughing it with him—bathing suits or cocktail dresses or anything silly—to make Clark laugh.

Perhaps they had too many laughs for the serious job of building a foundation for a steady life together. They parted with a laugh and perhaps a bit of the song, "Thanks For The Memories" about the whole adventure.

Heaven knows Kay had little to laugh about in her subsequent marriage to and parting from millionaire Adolph Spreckels. After a stormy marriage of several years and with two lovely children to bless their union, the headlines were recently black with Kay's charges that Adolph had beaten her unmercifully.

Once during a violent spat in their married life, Adolph said, "She never got Clark Gable out of her system," but Kay heatedly denied that a chance meeting with The King at a social affair had meant anything to her other than saying hello to an old friend.

With the exception of Josephine Dillon, who was almost grey, and Rita Langham, who was a brunette, almost all the women in Clark's life have been fascinating blondes.

"Clark," I prodded us back to the present (we were now sipping ice cold drinks—it was so very hot for a day in February), "seems to me you're always falling for blondes. I think it can safely be said that you're a gentleman who prefers blondes."

He laughed. "Thanks for the *gentleman.* But I could just as easily fall for a brunette or a redhead. I think it's just accidental that many of the women I have most admired have been on the blonde side. I can assure you, however, my mind is open about the color of a lovely lady's hair. Seems I have a talent for admiring charming women."

"And whether you get married again or not," I predicted, "if I know you, you will continue to exercise that talent in the future."

"I hope so," he laughed. "I hope the time never comes when I fail to admire a beautiful woman."

P.S. My butler of twenty-two years, Collins, who is a friend of The King from way back, met me in the hall after Clark's departure.

"I think he looks a little heavier, don't you?" I asked.

"No, absolutely *not!*" protested one of Clark's greatest fans. "He looks thinner and better all the time. That's one gentleman men admire just as much as the ladies do," he philosophized.

Thought you'd like to know, Clark. **END**

(Clark Gable can now be seen with Lana Turner in MGM's Betrayed.)

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act of love

(*Continued from page 50*) actor and said, "That's not the way to play that scene."

"Look," said the actor. "You mind your business and I'll mind mine."

It is by such incidents that Burt Lancaster has made a reputation as a rude, opinionated, stubborn actor. Actually, he has always been honest if not tactful.

Hal Wallis, who gave Burt his first movie contract, likes to tell the story of his first meeting with Lancaster.

"We were in New York," Wallis recalls, "and as we were walking down Broadway together, he stopped me and pointed to a theatre marquee. 'Have you seen that picture?' he asked. I nodded and confessed that I had not only seen it, I had produced it.

"It didn't stop Burt.

" 'That picture,' he said, 'really stinks.' "

Today when Lancaster recalls such performances he grins sheepishly.

"I'm not like that any more," he says. And he isn't. "I've learned that a man can be honest without being hurtfully blunt. It's not important to be well-liked. But it is important for a man to be at peace with himself. A man with inner security does not go around hurting people."

To show how much Lancaster has improved, note his relationship with fan magazines. Burt used to have no patience with fan magazine writers.

In fact, he gave orders that he wouldn't be bothered by a coterie of frustrated reporters who insisted upon prying into the most personal recesses of his private life and the lives of his family.

THAT WAS the Lancaster of old. Just before he left for Mexico to make *Vera Cruz* with Gary Cooper, Burt called his publicity man.

"Look," he said, "a bunch of magazine writers have been after me for months. I've been too busy to see them. Why don't we have them all in for food and drinks—one mass interview?"

The publicity man was delighted.

"That's great!" he exclaimed. "Only I want you to know they're going to ask some real dillies."

"Let 'em ask away," Lancaster said. "I'm waiting."

Burt, surprisingly at ease, met them in his new office on the Key West Studio. Here are some of the questions they popped and the answers Lancaster popped back.

Q: And how is the new little Lancaster feeling?

A: Well, that's a tough one. You see, the child isn't due until June.

Q: I suppose you like having children, don't you?

A: My wife does.

Q: Is it true that you do a lot of work around the kitchen?

A: Not any more than I can help. But I do like to cook.

Q: Do you have any passion?

A: I beg your pardon?

Q: I mean do you have any strange passions? Do you ever buy a dozen shirts just for the thrill of buying them?

A: No.

Q: Where are your wife and children?

A: Right now they're in Mexico.

Q: Are your four children going to school down there?

A: They're enrolled in the American School in Mexico City.

Q: Why do you keep working so hard? Haven't you made twenty pictures in six years?

A: I don't consider it hard work. A man must stay busy. You just can't be idle. At least I can't.

Q: Is it true that you drive your children to school each day?

A: Not every day. When I can, I do.

Q: What do you think of your last two pictures, *His Majesty O'Keefe* and *Bronco Apache*?

A: I think you'll like them.

Q: Do you think you're handsome? Is that why you became an actor?

A: I became an actor because it's something I always wanted to be. I've been in carnivals, circuses, on the stage. I've been in show business a long time.

Q: Do you get along with your wife? Do you quarrel frequently?

A: Norma and I get along pretty well.

Q: But aren't you difficult to live with?

A: I don't think so.

Q: But you have the reputation of being difficult.

A: I've learned and I've changed. At least I believe I have.

Q: Are you very wealthy?

A: I'm not starving.

Q: How much money did you save last year?

A: I honestly don't know. You'd have to ask the accountant. How about knocking off and having a little food?

After the interview, the writers said that never before had Burt Lancaster been so cooperative.

"Imagine!" squealed one. "An actor buying food for the press. It's hard to believe, isn't it?" Whereupon one cynic suggested the possibility that Lancaster's reformation was diplomatic expediency brought on by the fact that he now has his own producing company which has a twelve-million-dollar release deal with United Artists.

LANCASTER'S new behavior, however, is no attempt to protect his production investment. It's simply that for the first time in his adult life, Burt is genuinely happy.

"I always wanted to be an actor," he explains, "and to act in good pictures, to get parts with guts and dimension.

"I worked in *Come Back, Little Sheba* and *From Here To Eternity* and *Bronco Apache*. All good pictures. So I'm sort of fulfilled.

"Of course when I first came out to Hollywood, I was scared. Scared stiff. And I did a lot of things and said a lot of things that rubbed people the wrong way.

"I guess I was compensating for my insecurity."

Lancaster doesn't like to talk about it, but he was insecure about more things than his career. His marriage, his background and his children. There is no understanding Lancaster or the many facets of his nature unless you have some inkling of his background, of his youth, of his wife, and of his family. He is a moody, complex, enigmatic young man who only recently decided to abandon his rebellion.

Burt Lancaster was brought up in New York City, on the periphery of Harlem. In order to keep him out of the streets, his mother used to have him play on the fire escape of the tenement in which the family lived.

One time Burt fell two stories and broke his nose. He remembers "the eight times I was run over when I started playing in the streets and the library on 110th Street where I did most of my reading as a kid and the movies I used to go to on Saturday mornings. I used to stay all day until one of my older brothers came and got me and after that, Mother used to beat the hell out of me. Then she'd compensate by taking me in her arms."

Lancaster's childhood was the youth of poverty. And one of the results of poverty is that it turns young men bitter and ambitious at the same time. Somehow Burt managed to retain his individualism,

a stubborn individualism which eventually brought him to swordspoints with almost everyone he met.

A friend who was at New York University with him says he made himself unpopular with his professors. "He quit college, you know, and took a job with a circus for three dollars a week and board. All of us expected him to break his neck but look at him today! Burt has a way of fooling people.

"He's not as foolhardy and reckless as he leads people to believe."

One of the shrewdest cookies Lancaster fooled was the late Mark Hellinger, a producer at Universal-International. When Hellinger was making *Brute Force* with Burt, someone asked, "How's Lancaster doing?"

Hellinger shook his head. "This kid," he muttered, "has made one picture out here, and already he knows more than anyone on the lot.

"Two more pictures and he'll land flat on his can. He's a frustrated Freudian, a body in search of a brain, Mr. Know-It-All from the Big Town."

What Hellinger could not understand about Lancaster was his strange individualism. Burt has his own ideas about everything and he believes in trial-and-error.

When he was under contract to Hal Wallis, he became convinced that Wallis was a purely commercial producer; so he borrowed enough money to buy up his own acting contract. He went to work at U-I in *All My Sons*. It laid an egg. Then he starred in a melodramatic saga of smuggled penicillin entitled *Kiss The Blood Off My Hands*. The picture almost kissed him off for good. But Burt is resilient. He bounced right back again.

He was the same way in the Army, a renegade from convention. And the Army, as most people know, is not quite the place to exercise individualism. But by exercising it, Burt got married; and this is probably the best move he has made in his entire thirty-nine years.

Some biographies, inaccurate and imaginative, have described Lancaster's wife, Norma Anderson, as "the former actress, dancer and singer."

The truth is that Norma Anderson was a stenographer in disguise when Burt first met her. She was disguised as a dancer with a USO troupe in Italy. Norma had worked at a typewriter in the USO booking office in New York. She was talked into substituting for a sick member of a USO dancing troupe and she went on the overseas trip for a lark.

In Montecatini where Pfc. Lancaster was stationed in 1944, she caught sight of her future husband shuffling along a dirt road and asked a surprised colonel to get her a date with him. Burt doesn't like to talk about how he and Norma fell in love. But the whole affair is melodramatic. Tall, handsome enlisted man meets tall, beautiful blonde. The next morning the enlisted man runs to the USO bivouac.

"I'm sorry," he's told. "The whole troupe flew north to Caserta." The enlisted man goes AWOL. He must find his love. The M.P.'s must find him. Lancaster makes it to Caserta and finds Norma. They have thirty precious minutes together when the M.P.'s arrive and take Lancaster back to Montecatini.

This time Norma goes AWOL. She goes back to Montecatini, and the lovers escape to Pisa where they get married. But the M.P.'s are not far behind.

The honeymoon lasts three days. Then the lovers are caught and Norma is returned to her USO troupe. Her husband is bounced into the jug. Norma is returned to New York City where she works as a stenographer. Burt is returned to his Special Services unit.

BURT LANDED in New York on Labor Day. Not long after, a baby was on the way. In his own mind he didn't know what to do or where to turn.

He thought of becoming a manager for a concert bureau, but a producer ran into him in an office building elevator and offered him a job in a Broadway play, *The Sound Of Hunting*. In desperation he took it.

The play was a flop, but Hal Wallis thought Burt showed a good deal of potential and gave him a Hollywood contract. Mark Hellinger borrowed Lancaster for *The Killers* when Warner Brothers asked too much on a loanout for Wayne Morris.

It was then that rumors of Burt's rude behavior began to spread through the movie colony. What the movie colony did not realize was that Burt was scared, heartsick, and perennially worried.

His oldest son Jimmy, now eight, had just been born with a foot deviation. Every two weeks, Jimmy would have his plaster of Paris casts broken, and new ones put on. This went on for eight months. At night Jimmy would scream with fear thinking that the doctors were trying to get to his feet beneath the covers. Norma and Burt would rush into the little boy's room. Seeing his frantic little face break out in a sweat, each time their hearts would break and they would die a little. Slowly Jimmy withdrew from the unpleasant world of reality into a more comfortable and private world of make-believe.

Jimmy began to feel that he was different because he couldn't play as other children did. He used to hide and when company came, he retreated to a corner of the room and said nothing. The child's unhappiness ate deeply into Burt. He



heard his son called names. He could see the boy's initiative being stifled.

Finally he took the child to a psychologist. On an intelligence test, he made a score of 142—which puts him in the potential genius class. The boy was enrolled in a private school where the teachers specialize in caring for emotionally disturbed children. It took time, but today Jimmy Lancaster is a well-adjusted child.

Bright, good-looking, sociable and musically adept, he is one of the most promising young students in the American School at Mexico City.

The Lancasters' second child, Billy, now five, was stricken by polio when he was three.

When Burt took his family to Italy where he was making *The Crimson Pirate*, a doctor told the Lancasters that they were oversolicitous about Billy.

"When he falls, let him pick himself up," the doctor said. "In that way the leg muscles will get stronger. He will be able to throw away the crutches."

It takes strength and determination to watch your child try to pull himself to the curb after he has fallen in the street—and not to help him. But Burt and Norma knew they had to let Billy fend for himself.

They cried as they watched him. But Billy finally made it. No crutches today, no brace. And in a year or so, the doctors say he will no longer show any trace of paralysis.

Susan Elizabeth—the family calls her Susiebet—has had no trouble. But Joanna, now two and a half, was born with a foot deviation. This time the doctors advised that the feet be let alone, and they have since straightened themselves.

The fifth child is expected late in June, and the Lancasters are praying for a normal delivery and a healthy baby.

In the last five years, Lancaster's medical bills have averaged $10,000 a year. But strangely enough, Burt has gradually become happier and made a better adjustment.

HE HAS REACHED the point of believing in the importance of all human and personal relationships. He has seen what a smile and a story at bedtime means to a child. He knows how much a word of encouragement from a doctor means to him and what a little reassurance does for his wife.

Because of this recognition he has adopted a new set of values. Actors who work with him swear by Burt. He gives youngsters a chance. He lets veterans experiment with their own bits of business—acting nomenclature for technique. He is kind, patient, and understanding.

He no longer fights with directors and writers. He is kind to reporters.

In the Lancaster household there is pervasive love born of suffering and mutual sacrifice and a wordless, nameless togetherness that only Norma and Burt can truly understand.

Burt Lancaster, delivered from the tortures of his soul, is a man of love. In strange, unfathomable ways, love turns darkness into light, fury into peace and anger into kindness.

As an artist and as a man Burt Lancaster has grown and is growing with his children. END



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QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know which stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ Pete's Pat (Peter Lawford)
- ☐ Gable and His Girls (Clark Gable)
- ☐ They're All Crazy! (Jane Russell)
- ☐ You Gotta Elevate! (Robert Wagner)
- ☐ Who Turned Love's Young Dream into a Free-for-All? (Marilyn Monroe)
- ☐ Mitzi's Miracle (Mitzi Gaynor)
- ☐ Towards the Light (Jeff Hunter)
- ☐ Doctor's Wife (Ann Blyth)
- ☐ Act of Love (Burt Lancaster)
- ☐ Only Her Husband Knows (Esther Williams)
- ☐ Going . . . Going . . . Gone! (Dale Robertson)
- ☐ "Just the Facts, Ma'am" (Jack Webb)
- ☐ Lovely to Look At (Grace Kelly)
- ☐ Romance of the Year (June Haver-Fred MacMurray)
- ☐ I Love You—Today (Corinne Calvet-John Bromfield)
- ☐ C'est Si Bon (Ginger Rogers)
- ☐ This Time For Real? (Piper Laurie-Dick Contino)
- ☐ In Rita's Footsteps? (Gene Tierney)
- ☐ Professional Husband (Richard Egan)
- ☐ Letter from Tokyo (Marilyn Monroe)
- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ TV Talk
- ☐ Just for the Records
- ☐ Movie Reviews

Which of the stories did you dislike?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

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pete's pat

(*Continued from page 31*) months of exposure to Pete's English charm, but by January Pat was interested, and Pete, for the first time in his thirty-one years, asked a girl to marry him.

"We were having dinner at Frascati's," he recalls, "and I just leaned across the table and said, 'I love you very much, and I wish you'd marry me.' She smiled and said yes. And that's how it happened. Nothing planned or premeditated.

"The proposal just popped out of me. I didn't have a ring or anything. Later I went out and ordered one, nothing very tremendous—a square-cut diamond, three carats. It was being made up and took quite a while. And because Pat wasn't wearing a ring, I could get away with my denials.

"Anyway, after I proposed and Pat accepted me, I flew to New York to get her father's consent. I don't mind telling you I was pretty nervous. I thought Mr. Kennedy might object to having an actor in his family. After all, his son is a United States Senator and all of that. But he was wonderful. I asked his permission and he gave us his blessing."

The Kennedy family is Catholic. Pete belongs to the Church of England, but he says any children they may have will be brought up in the Catholic faith.

"We are trying to keep our wedding as small as possible. We don't want one of those tremendous affairs. Just the family. The only one in my family is my mother and she'll come on to New York. But Pat has a rather large family, so I guess that will add up."

Asked if he planned to abandon acting and go into business, Lawford said, "Not at all. After the honeymoon, Pat and I are going back to the coast. That's where we intend to make our home. I have no intention of giving up my career. I'm an actor by profession and that's how I intend to earn my living."

Pete has always said that he would never marry an actress.

"Two acting temperaments in one family don't work," he has often explained. "And I don't have to marry an actress to prove that!"

SOME WOMEN may be downhearted at Pete's removal from the eligible bachelor roster, but there is at least one who is extremely happy about it. That is Pete's mother, Lady May Lawford.

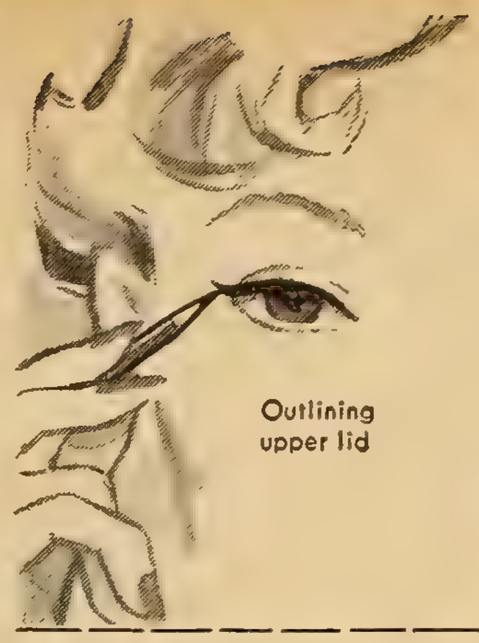
"When Peter confided to me," she says, "that he and Pat were going to get married, I can't tell you how relieved I was. I've been afraid for so long that the boy might get into his car and whiz off to Las Vegas and marry just anyone. I guess every mother has those fears. But after all, Peter is such a nice boy, and there have been so many girls who've laid traps for him.

"You'd be surprised if I mentioned their names. They would telephone him at eight in the morning and come around at nine. They'd send him letters and telegrams and gifts. They really tried to spoil him. And if I must say so, it's a tribute to his strength of character that he's kept his head about him.

"He's a conservative young man, and I should have known that when the time came for him to marry, he would pick a fine and beautiful girl like Patricia Kennedy.

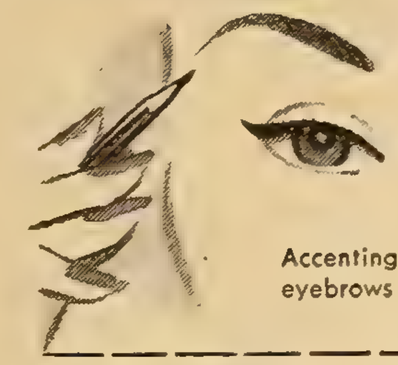
"And she's a bright young woman, too. Oh, yes. She really gave Peter a merry chase. He had to work to get that young lady all right. She made him step. And I believe that's what a man likes. The thrill of the hunt is in the chase, not in the final capture."

Emphatically, she explained that Peter



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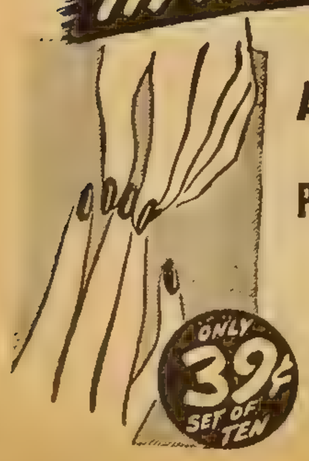
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is not an adopted son. Then she continued, "The thing to remember about Peter is that he had a very happy youth.

"My husband, the late Sir Sydney, came from a fairly wealthy family. His brother owned the estate next to Balmoral in Scotland. We always had at least three in service when Peter was a little boy, and he has been accustomed to the best.

"He's been very discriminating in his choice of friends. He's chosen people of his own calibre. Girls he's liked have always turned out to be well-bred girls from good families. There's certainly nothing wrong in that.

"Before we came to America we had lost practically all of our money. When England went off the gold standard, my husband thought it would be prudent to take his belongings out of the country. He deposited them in Greece and Czechoslovakia. When the war came the Germans marched into those countries and all our holdings were confiscated. We came to America with very little money, and one of Peter's first jobs in Florida was working as a parking lot attendant. But he was always discriminating in his choice of friends. He said he would never marry an actress and that he would never marry before he was thirty."

It is generally supposed that Peter Lawford made his motion picture debut in Hollywood. Actually he began to work in British motion picture studios when he was seven.

His first role was at Elstree in *Ole Bill.* At one time he was advertised as England's Jackie Coogan. When Parliament passed a law limiting screen work for children under fourteen, Lawford's parents took him to Paris where he worked in a few films and then temporarily lost the use of his right arm.

While playing with a group of French playmates, he crashed through a glass window, almost severing his right arm. The doctors recommended immediate amputation but neither the boy nor his family would consent and gradually the arm healed.

Pete's first Hollywood job was ushering at a Westwood movie house. In his time off he hounded the casting offices and got bit parts in *Mrs. Miniver* and *White Cliffs Of Dover.*

A British subject and the sole support of his two parents, he was exempted from United States military service.

In 1943, he signed a contract with MGM and promptly began to win recognition as a competent actor and as a perennial escort.

How fair or how well-founded this reputation was is a matter of argument. One of Pete's friends says, "When Lawford was under contract to MGM it was part of his job to escort all the actresses on the contract list. If Lana Turner wanted someone to go dancing with her, it was Pete. If the publicity department needed a new romance for Ava Gardner, it was Pete. If Liz Taylor needed a boy friend, it was Pete.

"He took out every actress on the lot, and I heard it said that he was using them for publicity. No one ever thought it might be the other way around.

"He came out here with no dough, and everything he has he's earned. He saw what happened to his father who once had money and lost it, and he doesn't want that to happen to him.

"Anyway, now that he's going to marry Pat Kennedy, all that talk is a thing of the past.

"He deserves a little married happiness."

Even his former dates wish Peter Lawford that.

END

doctor's wife

(*Continued from page 48*) "In between I learned that I was going to have a baby. Also I had to organize my household and furnish a new home. So I haven't had much time for interviews."

As soon as Ann finished *The Student Prince,* the blackout was lifted and she invited MODERN SCREEN into her home.

"I never realized how many decisions a wife has to make. Not necessarily big decisions but little ones like which newspapers to order and which milkman to use and how many telephone extensions we need and where can we possibly store all the wedding presents."

Ann confessed, "I've had a minor crisis or two. I guess you heard about the firewood. That one really taught me an important lesson."

THE FIREWOOD incident started because Jim and Ann love to sit in front of an open fireplace. They take an awful ribbing from their friends because they consider this more fun than going to Ciro's or Mocambo or even attending a première.

In spite of a summertime marriage, the McNultys used more than a cord of firewood in their first two months together.

"As soon as I noticed our supply was getting low," Ann explains, "I felt it was part of my job to replenish it just as I buy the other household goods.

"Only with firewood I didn't know where. I should have asked Jim's advice but I preferred to do it the hard way.

"I looked in the classified section of the phone book and got the names of several fuel companies. Then I called. When the salesman asked what kind of wood I wanted and what lengths I hung up to do some more research.

"Sort of casually I asked a few friends what kind of logs burned best, and Joe Lilley simplified the problem by offering to give me all the logs I wanted. He'd just finished thinning out some of his trees.

"This seemed like a wonderfully generous gift because I'd found out that wood costs from $50 to $60 a cord out here. So naturally I accepted Joe's offer for free."

"But you'll have to send someone out to pick it up," Joe had added.

This started Ann on a new tangent.

She called truckers and asked how much they charge to haul a cord of wood. Some of them misunderstood her and gave outlandish quotations for hauling commercial logs.

Finally Jim discovered her problem. Gallantly, he took charge of the matter.

"And he did it so easily," Ann recalls. "He got Uncle Pat to help him and they rented a half-ton trailer and after Mass one Sunday they drove out to Joe's and loaded the trailer and drove back. Really, they made my feeling of failure complete.

"But it did teach me a lesson: it's a good idea to let your husband share some of the household problems. I learned that there is no sharp line of demarcation between the wife's department and the husband's.

"That's why people get married—to help each other."

ANN AND JIM are living by this principle: share all the decisions.

"Although we bought our house before we were married," Ann says, "it really didn't seem to belong to us until we started living in it. But we both agreed that this was the house we wanted."

The McNultys chose an eleven-room Connecticut-style farmhouse.

They liked it because it was located on a quiet, dead-end street. It's surrounded by full-grown walnut and sycamore trees, and

it has plenty of room for an expanding family. The second floor is still unfurnished. Ann commented that the colonial staircase in the front hall leads to "nothing except the future."

Because Ann and Jim intend to live a lifetime in their farmhouse, they've decided to furnish it slowly and carefully. After almost a year the house is still far from complete, a fact that bothers no one.

"When we moved in, we had nothing but our bedroom furniture and four marvelous kitchen appliances."

She and Jim literally started housekeeping from bedroom to kitchen and back again. All the other rooms were empty.

For her bright, cheery kitchen, Ann chose the newest and best equipment: an electric stove, an eight-cubic-foot Bendix refrigerator, an eighteen-cubic-foot Bendix freezer. And for her laundry, a Bendix Duomatic, a marvelous piece of machinery that washes and dries the clothes in one continuous operation.

"When you're working an eleven-hour day at the studio," Ann says, "you need all the mechanical aid you can buy."

Ann and Jim could handle the ordering of the kitchen equipment easily. For the rest of the house they decided to use the services of Mitchell Numier, a decorator.

Numier is known in California for his custom-made provincial furniture. Ann has liked his designs for years but she made sure that Jim saw and approved several Numier-furnished homes.

Once Jim gave the go-ahead, Ann commissioned the designer to make dining-room furniture, the marble-topped living-room tables and all the well-cushioned and carefully quilted chairs and couches.

The day the silvery bleached walnut dining table was delivered with its six grey velvet chairs, Ann declared a holiday.

She unpacked the fine Irish linen table cloth her aunts Molly and Mag had sent from Dublin. She fixed Jim's favorite menu of roast beef, salad with cheese dressing, and snowballs for dessert (snowballs in the McNulty household consist of vanilla ice cream, frozen strawberries and shredded coconut) and then invited Aunt Cissy and Uncle Pat to share in the festivities.

Now the arrival of each new lamp or ashtray is an excuse for a celebration.

Dennis Day and his wife came over the night the pink wing chairs were placed in the den. Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman were dinner guests when the Hawaiian printed draperies and twin couches made their livingroom debut.

Ann and Jim had nothing to do with what is probably the most arresting feature of the McNulty house. Some years ago in Chicago Ann was introduced to a Mr. and Mrs. Dalton just before she sang on a Sacred Heart charity program.

Over the years they became extremely fond of her and whenever Ann was in Chicago she made it a point to see them.

At the time of her wedding she naturally expected some word from her old friends, but she didn't hear from them. Last Thanksgiving, however, she received by air express a beautiful statue of the Blessed Mother intended for an outdoor grotto. It was the Daltons' wedding gift.

Uncle Pat met the plane on which it arrived. He supervised its mounting on a concrete base, and it was he who prepared the grotto at the far end of the McNulty garden. He planted the primroses and the jasmine and laid the flagstone walk.

This lovely shrine, half-hidden by roses and bougainvilla, is where Ann Blyth retreats for a few peaceful hours of thought and meditation. It is here, far from the tension of life in the studio, that she prays.

It is here that she and her handsome husband give thanks for all their many blessings now and forever after. END



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IN RITA'S FOOTSTEPS?

Will Rita's ex make Gene Tierney his next?

■ About Aly Khan, Gene Tierney says, "There is no formal engagement between us." But she has lingered with Aly in Europe (and in international headlines) for a year.

Aly is as cagey as Gene about their plans. He has shown singular devotion to her; he has showered her with gifts. And, more to the point for a busy man, he writes her long letters.

Gene met Aly while she was making a picture in South America. He asked her for a date, but they didn't go out together until they met again in Paris. Since then, Gene hasn't been seen with anyone else.

Now, Gene is in Hollywood and Aly is on a trip to South America, Pakistan and Egypt.

"When Aly finishes his trip he will come to Hollywood and remain here most of the time while I am making *The Egyptian*," Gene said.

She always has liked European men. She went to school in Switzerland and her former husband, designer Oleg Cassini, is at least partly Italian.

"But with Aly," she says, "there are too many problems, too many serious phases of life to be figured out for both of us, to rush into a marriage without long thought and speculation."

While she thinks it out, Aly has hung her with diamonds. On her right hand she wears a magnificent emerald-cut stone. She has a bracelet and earrings of perfectly matched white diamonds, all breathtakingly beautiful.

Aly's father, the Aga Khan, received his weight in diamonds at his jubilee last year; this year it was platinum. Aly gets his income from horses. He breeds them in Ireland, France and South America. He will in all probability inherit his father's title. Will Gene take over Rita Hayworth's?



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they're all crazy!

(*Continued from page 35*) the least intimidated, the fastest with the kind of sass that infuriated her. "Being such a bright boy," she says sourly, "he was also a smart aleck."

It had to be Ken who "borrowed" Jane's cars for wild, midnight rides. As soon as everyone in the house was safely asleep, Ken and little brother Wally would push the car as far as the gate, where its engine couldn't be heard, and light out for Riverside to see Kenny's girl.

"I remember the last time real well," Wally says. "It was while Jane was making *The Outlaw,* and she had just bought herself this new Pontiac convertible. Kenny was going into the Navy the next day, so naturally he *had* to see Lois that night. The only way to do it was to take Jane's car. Boy, it was raining buckets that night, but we put the top of the convertible down anyhow and set out to see how fast a Pontiac would travel—pretty darned fast."

The next morning Jane took one look at her bedraggled, mud-spattered gem and blew her ebony top. "*Who* had my car out last night?" she demanded in clarion outrage.

"Kenny," answered Wally, concentrating on his breakfast.

Daughter started looking for a club. "Where is he?"

"Probably on his way to San Diego by now. He spent the night with Lois' folks in Riverside."

"Then who drove my car home?"

"I did," Wally replied with his usual aplomb. He was all of twelve years old.

If you suggested to the four beautiful girls who married the Russell boys that Ken was the family character, you'd meet with a chorus of protests; they insist that he's just a normal, healthy boy. It's *Jamie* who's a character.

Jamie adores his wife Pam. So much so that he insists upon her staying in bed mornings while he fixes the baby's bottle and gets breakfast.

"Of course," Pam says thoughtfully, "I'd have to be as deaf as a post to get any more sleep. Jamie is slamming things around in the kitchen and roaring at the top of his lungs about no-good women who lie abed, letting their husbands and children go hungry."

"Dramatic to his fingertips," is Jane's evaluation of Jamie, who had a small role in her currently successful *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.* "He never stops acting." His favorite portrayal is a death scene and, as he is certain to have his biggest audience then, his favorite time for emoting is during a meal. The larger the gathering, the better are the chances that Jamie will suddenly fall to the floor at their feet. He has been poisoned—or he is strangling. He clutches his throat, gasps, writhes, groans and finally expires, while the family ignores him entirely or Mother Russell acknowledges his performance by saying, "Get up off the floor, Jamie, and eat your food."

IT SHOULD NOT be inferred that the rest of the family ignores Jamie because they disapprove. They're just hungry. If he chooses some other moment to entertain them, they all watch with lively interest—because what the Russells enjoy most is each other. Working and playing together is their idea of heaven. Tom, Kenneth and Wally, complete with families, took off on a construction job a couple of years ago, and while it lasted they had a ball because they were together. Then they pooled their resources to buy an alfalfa ranch; they didn't expect to make a fortune growing alfalfa, but a ranch was something they could work together. It turned out to be a bad investment—the alkali in the soil being strong enough to burn up their crop within two years and something burning down Kenny's ranchhouse to the foundations the very first year—but it was worth a try. Now they are home again. Tom and Kenny have joined Jamie at the corner gas station, and Wally is self-employed as a landscape artist. Maybe they haven't made a lot of material progress, but they're happy as clams. After all, they're all together.

Jane, The Old One, remains as much a part of her crazy family as if she didn't have twenty-four other activities for the hours of the day. Sometimes the boys or their wives read the stories written about her moodiness or her temperament, and they raise their eyebrows at each other. She always was sort of horsy about some things, like kid brothers staying out of her room, and they're glad to know that she hasn't changed. But they also know something that the writers don't: that behind the fierce noises Jane makes is an enormous sense of responsibility.

"Once, when Jane was still a small girl," Ma Russell remembers, "her teacher came to see me. She asked me so many questions about what kind of child Jane was and what she did at home, that I really had to stop and think. Finally, I said, 'Well, mostly, she helps me with her brothers.'"

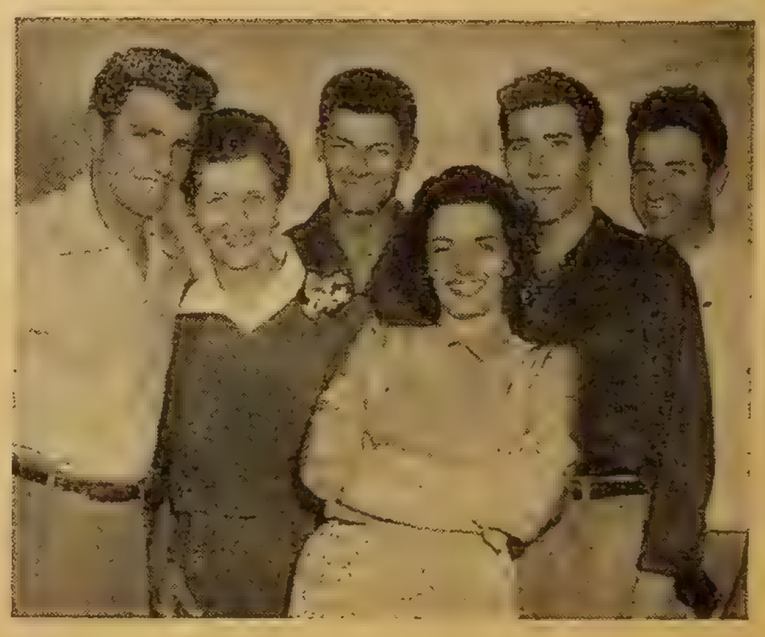
It explained quite a bit to the baffled teacher, who had been unable to persuade little Jane to do her own lessons. Not that she was a problem child—but every time the teacher looked up, it was to see Jane at one of the other work tables, explaining to a more backward classmate, "No, no, honey. Do it *this* way."

At times that sense of responsibility manifested itself in inspiration, at other times it ended up as ludicrous, but it was always protective, as Kenny can testify.

He was fifteen or so when tragedy smote him. The ever-loving eye of his Lois was caught by another handsome lad, Ken took exception to the competition, and a fierce quarrel ensued. The usually ebullient Kenny was crushed; he moped around the house like a kicked puppy until his condition came to Jane's attention.

She heard his lovelorn story, then commanded, "Sit down. I'm going to dictate a letter, and I want you to mail it to Lois."

"It was a *horrible* letter," Ken says with a grin. "Imagine me asking Lois who she thought she was, telling her to get down off her pedestal, saying that breaking up with her wasn't hurting me a bit. The day I mailed that, I knew for sure that Lois would never speak to me again!" Jane knew better, and she was right—Lois



Here is the Russell clan: Wally, Ma Russell, Jamie, Jane (The Old One), Kenny and Tom.

had no more than read the letter than she was on a bus for Los Angeles, smitten all over again with her high-handed Lothario.

Time passed, and sailor Kenny came home on leave from the Orient. He and Lois agreed that fighting with each other was more fun than doing anything else with a couple of other people, so they decided to be married at once. Arrangements for the wedding were duly made. "But Daughter thought of one detail that everyone else overlooked," chortles Ken. "The night before I got married, she sat me down and told me the facts of life—without mincing any words, either! I can tell you, I was shocked. I don't know how she thought I could have been in the Navy for two years without finding out about things like that, but she had to be sure. She didn't think we'd have a very good foundation for marriage if I still believed in the birds and bees!"

JANE'S FEELING for her little brothers hasn't changed an iota, but her position in Hollywood has somewhat altered their acceptance. Though Jamie has a degree in cinematography and is deeply interested both in acting and directing, he refuses a professional boost from her. "If I can't make it without Daughter's help, I'll keep on filling gas tanks. People never believe you have any real talent if you get a break through your relatives." Similarly, Wally, whose fine singing voice seems destined to land him in musicals, would rather stick to spirituals in the chapel than accept a helping hand. Stubborn guys, the Russells.

The Old One is mildly grieved and largely exasperated by their attitude. "None of them will tell me when they need something. I have to make Ma tell me—and then go home and try to talk my old man out of it!"

They love Jane good, but they haven't always loved her career; it got them too many knots on the head. Imagine what it must have been like to be Jane Russell's brother at the time that she was exploited as the sexpot of the century in *The Outlaw*. It got to be a pretty bruising experience, especially since all four boys were in service at the time and servicemen are notably indelicate on the subject of sexpots.

"I always tried to keep quiet about her being my sister," said Wally, who was with a Navy jet squadron, "but you can only keep your mouth shut so long." His thin, dark face, closely resembling that of his sister, reflected distaste at a remembered experience.

His outfit was at chow one day when one of their number came back from a leave in Los Angeles. Naturally, the other guys asked him about his adventures and he told them what he had done: he had met the most talked-about girl in America, Jane Russell.

"Is that a fact, now?" asked a quiet crew member by the name of Russell.

It was a fact, said the guy, lying in his teeth. They had gone dancing at Ciro's and, what's more, Jane Russell picked up the tab for the evening's entertainment.

"Say," interpolated Wally, "I like to dance. Maybe you'll introduce us sometime when we're down there?"

Everything would have been gingerpeachy if it had stopped right there but of course it couldn't. At the urging of his fellow crewmen, the imaginative gent began to tell them how he made love to Jane Russell—and Jane's little brother lost his temper. How could you ever explain to a bunch of G.I.'s that any resemblance between Jane and the publicity on her picture was strictly hogwash? You couldn't, so you took your lumps and hoped you raised a few on the other guy.

It happened to all four of her brothers



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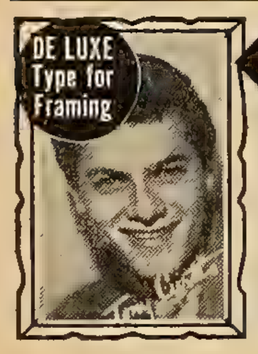
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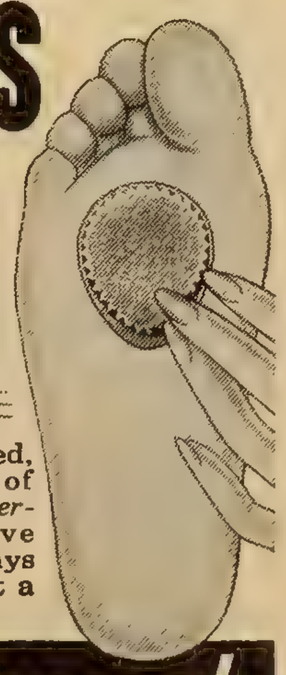
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time and again, and they never figured a way out of the quandary. Establishing their identity right off was a mistake, they found. To some of the men it smacked of boasting, to most it placed that particular Russell in the freak category.

"I remember being on a new ship once," contributed Jamie, "and word got around that Jane Russell's brother was standing watch at Station Two. I'll bet every man aboard sauntered up to look at me before my watch was over. What an uncomfortable four hours that was!"

If being identified as Jane's brother was bad, hearing crude comments on her physical attributes and bawdy speculation on her virtue was intolerable. The Russell boys were engaged in two wars during those years—for Democracy and for Daughter.

JANE KNOWS what they went through, since her family is anything but secretive, and it is a contributing factor to her sensitivity about publicity. After thirteen years, though, the public has accepted the fact that Jane Russell is a decent girl, albeit a slightly salty, strikingly beautiful and undeniably voluptuous one. And her family is pretty well adjusted to the fact that portraying sultry sirens on the screen is merely what she does for a living. It hasn't changed her a bit.

They present a solid front to the world, the Russells; they are for one another, and no mistake about it. In the bosom of the family, however, they admit to some imperfections. When one is in the wrong, the others unhesitatingly say, 'Now, look, thus-and-so is wrong. Let's sit down and talk it over and straighten things out.' And they talk it out, whether the problem is that one of their wives has left in a momentary snit or something less intimate.

Jane's career does not make her an exception to this family rule. While *The Big Rainbow* was in production, too many things happened at once. She was upset by the unfortunate publicity about *The French Line.* Her contract with Howard Hughes expired, and she was faced with a big decision. Torn between her loyalty to the man who had made her a star and her desire for more freedom, she had to make up her mind about signing a new contract. There were the numerous charities on behalf of which she had personal appearances to make. The picture called for strenuous effort on her part at a time when she was physically exhausted. There were tensions of so personal a nature that she discussed them with no one. And, estimated Edith Lynch of the RKO publicity department, about forty calls a day from friends who needed help of one kind or another. Understandably, Jane cracked up, and the studio sent her off to the desert for a badly needed rest.

The day she returned to town, Ma Russell called. "The boys want you to have dinner with them tonight in the Eagle's Nest," she said.

Jane was pleased; she hungers for her family after a few days' absence. But when she got to the Eagle's Nest, which is a new addition to the chapel, she found that this was a different kind of family gathering indeed. Ma Russell had cooked dinner and departed. The four wives were not present; the ten kids and the dogs were also conspicuous by their absence.

"I didn't know whether to laugh or cry," said Jane. "My brothers were all so serious that I expected a gag any minute—but they weren't kidding."

They weren't. They reminded her that she had collapsed while making her last three pictures and delivered themselves of an ultimatum: either her husband or her agent had to do something about her treadmill or the Russell boys were going



Built by the Russell boys, their family chapel is as light, airy and modern as themselves.

to step in. They didn't know exactly what they could do, but there were four of them and they ought to think of something. They had to; otherwise her health might be permanently injured.

"What they didn't know was that I was getting the same thing from Robert every day when I got home from the studio. He was giving me what-for up one side and down the other, hammering at me because I was doing too much."

Jane shrugged. "What can I give up? Making pictures? Personal appearances? Charity work? The chapel? My home and children? My friends? There's nothing I can stop doing—but Robert promised to find me a secretary, and that will take part of the load off. Personal problems, given time and the Lord's help, solve themselves. There was nothing the boys could do—I felt fine again—but it meant a lot, talking it out with them, knowing they were behind me like always."

IN HOLLYWOOD there is considerable double-talk about the conflict between Jane's husband, Robert Waterfield, and her family. She can't be happy, they say, torn between the two camps. Jane bit off a short, choice expletive at the suggestion. "There isn't any conflict, because Robert is so much like my father. They both came from small families and they just didn't have our feeling for large ones.

"My father was an executive. When he came home at night, he was tired and had things on his mind. He couldn't relax with the boys boiling all over the house so I kept them away from him in a separate wing. Robert is the same way. It isn't that he dislikes my family; he just doesn't like *any* large, noisy gathering of people. He always goes to family reunions with me—and a real one runs into hundreds of relatives, all shouters. Robert can only stand them so long. Then I see him getting nervous and his mouth getting tight, and I know he's going to come over with some polite excuse for getting out. So I laugh and say, 'It's all right, honey. You go on, and I'll meet you at home later.' That many people all at once just drive him crazy.

"He's like my father in another way: he's very practical. When the boys turn up with some new project, Robert isn't interested in whether it will be fun. He wants to know whether it will work. I wouldn't have anything if Robert hadn't taken over my business affairs. A nickel I can understand—that will buy a popsicle—but on a thousand dollars I draw a blank, so I leave it to my husband.

"Robert accepts it that all Russells are a little crazy, and the family understands that he's a different kind of person. He's like my father—they've all said so—and I

just stand as a buffer between him and them as I did in the old days."

THE TALL, dark, handsome and impractical Russell boys married girls as unlike as women can be, yet they get along beautifully and not one would have a husband other than her own. They're all so right for each other. Shy, sensitive Tom has his quiet, intelligent Nola. Curly-haired, fast-talking Kenny finally won his proud-eyed Lois ten years ago. For extrovert Jamie there could be no one but gamin, out-going Pamela with freckles on her pert nose. And the lean good looks of Wally are complemented by the fragile blonde loveliness of his Mary Lou, who knows that the baby of the family may well end up the biggest man of them all. Each of the girls has said to another at some time, "I couldn't live with that husband of yours for two minutes," but they all live together in an incredible kind of loving harmony.

The home of Pam and Jamie is likely to be the community gathering place during the day, and bedlam is the keynote. Kids romp, dogs bark, husbands bellow, while the girls count their blessings for marrying Russells. The children are common property; whoever notices a damp bottom first changes a diaper, and noses are mopped with impartial thoroughness. As the boys work different shifts at the filling station, at least one of them is always at home for a meal. Tom's wife is serving Jamie, Kenny's wife is attempting to spoon food into the mouth of Wally's young one, saying, "I wonder if she's coming down with something. She won't take her food."

"Maybe," one of the other girls calls, "it's because I just fed her ten minutes ago. It's Pandora who hasn't eaten yet."

Wally, sitting quietly on a couch, muses aloud. "There's one particular word that Jane used to describe me. I can't think of it right now. You know—it means that if you put me in the middle of a bunch of strangers, I'd be able to handle myself all right."

"What she probably said," Pam flashes at him, "is that you're the only one of the boys who could pass for normal."

Wally grins back at her. "Your old man sure couldn't!"

The secret, of course, lies in an awareness of God that is as much a part of every one of them as their hearts, their eyes, their limbs. Much has been written about the religious aspect of the Russells' life; practically none of it true. The children did build with their own hands a chapel like no other in the world. Designed for modern times, it does away with must and medieval gloom, letting in the sunlight, which is all to the good. Their faith in God is like that, too—sunny and joyous and unafraid. No constraint, no pomp, no sanctimonious poppycock. Ma Russell's acreage teems with people lively as crickets, who live with the Lord every minute and admit that it's fun.

"Look," explains one of the wives, "the Lord made all things, and if He didn't have a sense of humor, He wouldn't have made these comedians we married!"

"It was on account of the Lord that we started hollering at Ma while we were still kids," Wally says. "Every time we'd go out to have some fun, she'd sick the Lord on us. You can't get much of a kick out of stealing a watermelon from the field next door when you know you're going to go right home and pray about it. So we'd holler at her, 'Ma, stop sicking the Lord on us!' "

MOTHER RUSSELL doesn't mind the shouting. "The thing to remember is what's behind it," she frequently says in her



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Dick Egan is a 1954 discovery.

■ In the world of show business, gossip is quick to start. Jane Russell and Richard Egan have been seen together two or three times and they look so strikingly handsome and happy together that the rumor mills have begun to grind. Jane is seldom seen with Bob Waterfield, her real-life husband. He likes to stay home.

Jane is a girl with a heart (as cowboy actors say) bigger than all outdoors. Richard replaced Bob Mitchum as Jane's husband in *The Big Rainbow*. Mr. Mitchum had bowed out in one of his periodic arguments with big boss Howard Hughes. Jane and everyone else was hunting for a film husband.

She saw Mr. Egan in *Split Second* and talked him up and into the part. The rushes were so good that those who interview Miss Russell these days go away with a story about Richard.

Handsome, virile Egan is from San Francisco, a graduate of the university there. He emerged from the war a captain. His brother, Father Will Egan, advised him not to try acting until he learned the trade. So Richard enrolled at Stanford and spent three years earning a Master's degree. In 1949 a talent scout from Warner Bros. got him a screen test. Universal gave him a one-year contract.

His first public notice was as Joan Crawford's husband in *The Damned Don't Cry*. He could make a career of playing plausible husbands to electric big stars, but Richard's future is bigger than that.

He is a judo expert, too. It turns out that Mr. Waterfield is not concerned about his wife's enthusiasm. The judo won't be necessary.

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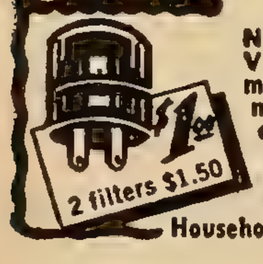
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quiet, absent way. "A whispered word will cut if there is meanness behind it. Even while the children are shouting, there's only love in their hearts."

Jane is one of the shouters, practically chief among the crazy Russells. Their faith is her faith, their love her love, and you can almost watch the tension drain out of her when she's with them an hour or two. The girls her brothers married like it best when Jane comes home unexpectedly, when the boys are gone and they can visit with her. She's one of them, no more and no less, feeding kids, curling hair, relaxing in woman-talk. They enjoy seeing her pictures, but every wife of them believes that her husband is every bit as remarkable as his famous sister.

And what's it like to be married to a remarkable character? The girls have a story they love to tell to illustrate it. After one of Jane's infrequent trips to New York, she and a friend were visiting the family and discussing the plays they had seen in the East. Freshest in their minds was *A Streetcar Named Desire.*

"That character Marlon Brando played was horrible," shuddered Jane's refined friend. "Just horrible!"

The Russell wives were mightily interested, never having seen a horrible man, and they were beside themselves with impatience until the play was made into a movie. They descended upon it *en masse* and emerged terribly disappointed.

"Why," said Nola, "he wasn't horrible at all. He's just like one of the Russell boys!"

"I thought he was charming," added Mary Lou. "I never felt more at home with an actor on the screen. It was like being in our own livingroom."

"I can just see Kenny knocking the dishes off the table like Brando did," chimed in Lois, "and saying something like, 'Okay, I cleared my side. You clear yours.'"

"Or Jamie," agreed Pam, "yanking everything off, tablecloth and all, and then rolling on the floor because he thought he was so funny!"

That's what it's like, and they think it's just wonderful. **END**

only her husband knows

(*Continued from page 55*) uncooperative actresses in Hollywood.

It was close, but the honor finally went to Esther Williams. She has recovered by now, but when Esther got the news, she was hurt. Fortunately, she is blessed with an irrepressible sense of humor.

"At least," she said, "they voted me an actress. That's something." Esther explained that in 1953 she not only worked at home as a mother and housewife, but that she was on location with a picture, and that for nine months of that year she was pregnant.

Despite all this she had managed to take part in more than fifty interviews and picture layouts. She said she had done the best she could with the time she had.

"I'm sorry," one member snapped when she heard Esther's explanation. "That just won't do. Look at Virginia Mayo. She worked in pictures last year and had a baby and *she* always made time for the press."

MODERN SCREEN, having carefully researched Esther Williams and her activities, refuses to brand this wholesome girl as "uncooperative."

She is more warm-hearted, more generous and kind than a dozen other actresses. She is blessed with enough modesty to prevent her from talking about the good she does.

THIS IS WHY we turn you over to her husband, Ben Gage.

"Esther," he says, "is no angel. Stick a pin in her and she bleeds. Hurt her and she cries. She also gets sick, gets excited, eats food and buys dresses. In other words, she's normal and she's human. But she's not typical.

"The overwhelming love in her heart, especially for children, is not typical. It's unusual and wonderful and it colors our whole life.

"When we were married it was Esther's idea to adopt a French war orphan, to pay a monthly allowance for a little girl's support. The child has grown up and no longer needs our support. But Esther ordered the allowance transferred to the support of an Italian war orphan.

"Before we were married we decided that we wanted lots of children. Esther was one of five, and her family life was the happiest.

"After we were married, Esther announced one day that she was with child. We were both overjoyed. But after five and a half months she lost the baby. We don't know exactly what was wrong.

"That set us both to thinking about handicapped children, babies who came into the world with some sort of physical deficiency. Esther began to think about what she could do for such babies. That's how she became interested in the Nursery School for the Visually Handicapped.

"Esther has not only contributed a swimming pool in part, but whenever she has any spare time she's down at the nursery teaching those little kids who don't see so well how to swim.

"All our three children, thank God, are physically perfect, and looking after three healthy kids is job enough for any woman, but Esther always finds time for those handicapped little guys.

"She just happens to be a kind-hearted girl. I could point out many things—her generosity to her family, jobs she's gotten for other swimmers, how thoughtful she is about the help—and they all add up to one word, cooperative, the opposite of what the Hollywood Women's Press Club said.

"Esther has said many times that her home—I guess that includes me and the kids—comes first. After that comes her career.

"And she's just not talking either. In Esther's book, human relationships are the most important things in life. She hates to hurt people and so far as I know she's never premeditatedly hurt anyone.

"We run a restaurant and a screen door factory. We employ quite a few people, and I don't think you can find anyone who'll say Esther hasn't given them a fair shuffle.

"I don't want to be in the position of defending a girl who is so guiltless that she has nothing to defend. I just mention these facts so that her fans can better understand Esther.

"But isn't there the possibility, just the possibility, mind you, that a wee bit of jealousy might have been responsible for Esther's having been named most uncooperative?"

THE JEALOUSY theory is widely held in Hollywood. For many years Esther and Ben Gage have been sniped at for no apparent reason.

You've read rumors to the effect that their marriage was coming apart at the seams, that a divorce was inevitable, and all the rest of the dirge.

"It so happens," Esther says, "that every time these rumors begin, I get pregnant. Then the columnists get embarrassed."

Why should people be jealous of Esther and Ben? They have everything: a comfortable home, beautiful children, a great future, a profitable career, and their love for each other. These are virtues enough to make them a target.

Ben was with Esther on location in Florida making *Easy to Love*. Someone asked, "What in heaven's name does Esther see in that lug? Does he ever work? What does he do?"

The answer is that Ben Gage does work. He manages the Trails Restaurant and the Willgay Manufacturing Company. Although he doesn't earn what Esther earns, neither does he use his wife to further his own schemes.

Esther's personal life was not particularly happy until Ben came along. She was unhappy with her first husband, not only because they had different philosophies, but because her family didn't like the young medical student. Esther has always loved her family and could not tolerate the near-estrangement.

When Ben Gage came along, her loneliness ended, they were married and have been happy ever since.

Ben was in show business for fifteen years before he met Esther. He was never too successful, probably because he is not hyper-ambitious. Ben believes in living and letting live. This sort of middle-of-the-way philosophy is not the route to stardom.

He is content to let Esther be the star in the family. Sensibly, he realizes that he cannot equal her achievements. Why try to compete?

He loves being with Esther and his family, making them happy, working around the house. The Hollywood gossips don't bother him one bit.

Of course he was disturbed when his wife was voted the most uncooperative actress of 1953. There have been too many reporters and photographers around his house all year long for him to believe any such judgment. He just scoffs at rumors concerning him and his life with Esther.

"I don't pay them any attention," he explains. "Why should I? I'm *tired* of denying that Esther and I are fighting or quarreling or whatever they're saying. I know all about Esther, and she knows all about me. We don't have to be told about each other by the newspapers."

Several of the reporters who cast votes against Esther will tell you privately that she is driving, ambitious, and money-mad. They will tell you about the real estate investment she made in Twenty-Nine Palms, California, her deal with Cole of California bathing suits, her plan to organize an Aquacade, and many of her other business deals. But they can't tell you all about them.

Several years ago Esther bought some desert property in Twenty-Nine Palms and had her brother David supervise the construction of half a dozen small homes. She didn't do this to make a big profit or to speculate on land values.

David was sick, out of work, and had been ordered down to the desert. Esther thought it would be nice to give him something to do, so she invested her hard-earned money in the project. Her other brother, Stanton, died of an intestinal virus when he was only sixteen—she frequently refers to him as "the most talented of the group"—and she cannot stand to have any of her own family be unhappy.

She backed a filling station in Santa Monica, but when someone told her the neighboring filling stations couldn't compete with her prestige as a movie star, she quickly sold out.

Esther was offered $50,000 a week to break in her Aquacade at Las Vegas.

This money-mad girl said, "That's a lot of money, but an Aquacade is a wholesome kind of act, and while Las Vegas is a wonderful city, still there's something about all that gambling—I don't want to sound prudish, but I'd rather take the Aquacade out on tour all over the country."

None of the charges leveled against Esther since she went to work in pictures ten years ago—that she's self-centered, uncooperative, ruthless—will hold water.

As her husband says, "Esther isn't perfect." But Hollywood has yet to produce her equal as a mother, housewife, and actress.

As for being wholesome, morally upright, civic-minded, considerate, cooperative, and friendly, Esther Jane Williams will take a backseat to no one. **END**

going . . . going . . . gone!

(*Continued from page 57*) much in love with Dale—I'm still very much in love with him—that I guess love dulled what little common sense I have."

Dale and Jackie were married on May 19, 1951. Dale's studio associates seemed to be genuinely pleased.

"Marriage is just what this boy needs," one actor said. "He'll hit the top in no time. Dale is pretty unusual for a Hollywood actor. Not a phony bone in his body.

"Know where he lives? Out in Reseda on a G.I. tract. Pays $52 a month for rent. And no marriage will make him move into any of those swanky joints in Beverly Hills.

"I hope Jackie realizes that she's got a real man in Dale." That Dale was a real he-man, Jackie soon recognized. He was crazy about fights, baseball, softball, dogs and, of course, horses.

When he wasn't indulging his passion for these activities, he was hunting or driving to and from Oklahoma City. He worked at the studio, of course, and they worked him long and hard because the young movie-goers liked him.

Dale seemed to pride himself in retaining a fierce independence. Around the studio he referred to his wife as a "fine filly" and, in the words of one perceptive actress, "He gave the impression that nothing, neither marriage nor contracts, would stop him from doing whatever he felt like doing. Marriage changes a man's outlook. It gives him new duties, new responsibilities. Not Dale. He seemed to strut around as if to say, 'See, nobody can rein me in. I'm a free soul.'"

Out in Reseda, living in the stucco bungalow, Jackie was confused and unhappy. Away from her friends and family, young and inexperienced, her career abandoned, she was eager and experimental. But she was alone most of the time. Even when Dale was at home, he was so continually involved with horses and picture-making and sports and business deals that there was little time for family life.

"Occasionally," Jackie says, "he told me that he loved me. And maybe he did. I just doubt it. Because if he really loved me then he would have tried to work at our marriage.

"I told him that marriage wasn't merely a convenience, that it was a companionship two people had to build together, that the sum of mutual experiences is what made it rich and full and good. But somehow, I couldn't get through to him.

"After a while, I began studying myself. 'Maybe I'm at fault,' I thought. 'Maybe there's something lacking in me.'

"I went to a doctor. Then I went to a psychiatrist. Then I went to a marriage



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It's in the May issue of

MODERN ROMANCES

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counselor. The doctor and the psychiatrist said there was nothing wrong with me. I didn't need treatment or anything. The marriage counselor suggested bringing Dale along for conferences. He didn't want to go but I insisted until he went with me.

"Nothing helped.

"In many ways he's a wonderful man. I just don't think marriage is for him, not a give-and-take marriage anyway. Maybe he needs a wife who will be grateful for any scrap of attention. I'm not like that.

"Dale wants a family, but he doesn't know how to live a married life. He says he wants to be married, but I guess he doesn't want to be married to me."

BEFORE HE LEFT for Mexico where he has just put the finishing touches on *Sitting Bull,* Dale was asked for *his* version.

Jackie had been awarded separate maintenance of $850 a month for the support of herself and their sixteen-month-old daughter, Rochelle. All Dale would say was, "she asked for a divorce, an' I told her if that's what she wanted, it was okay with me. I've got nothin' to say. The marriage just didn't work."

The reason it didn't, according to Kit Carson, Dale's stand-in and close buddy, is that "the two of 'em weren't right mates fer each other.

"Dale got married because he wanted a home, a wife and a family. I think he still wants all those things but he's a man who's stuck with his nature just like Jackie's a woman who's stuck with hers."

By nature, temperament and background the Robertsons are opposites.

Dale is blunt, honest, stoic, inhibited, proud and unemotional. He has never worn his heart on his sleeve. He had an unhappy first marriage which ended in divorce; he had a rough time getting a break in Hollywood; he was shot up pretty badly during World War II, but he told Jackie very little of all these experiences.

When she tried to thaw him out, when she tried to understand the workings of his mind, to discuss the past and the future, he seemed to rebel. It was as though she were invading his privacy and overstepping the rights of a wife.

"He treated her," says one of her friends, "as if she were a reporter. And you know how he treats them. Won't talk to them.

"Of course, I'm Jackie's friend and I'm taking her side. But honestly, Dale just wasn't cut out to be a good husband. Either that, or he married the wrong girl.

"If you love your wife, then you want to spend as much time with her as possible. And with your little daughter.

"Jackie's very young. Dale is her senior by ten years, at least. During the first year of their marriage he should have been more solicitous.

"Instead he was indifferent. Maybe he thinks it's unmanly to be in love, a sign of weakness or something. But he really ran the household. And I can tell you this: Jackie really tried to be a good wife. I never heard her complain about anything. And she had good reason.

"Most of their friends were *his* friends. Practically everything they did, *he* wanted to do. Dale's business manager put Jackie on an allowance of $25 a week for spending money. I think Dale got $35 a week. Any time something had to be bought, Jackie had to check with the business manager. It was always his career, his welfare that came first.

"Other girls who are married to actors load up with clothes and big cars and a big house right after the marriage. Not Jackie. Out of her marriage she got a wonderful little baby and a lot of heartache."

DALE ROBERTSON has never been affectionate or demonstrative. You can tell this in his movie-acting. He would rather act like Gene Autry than Charles Boyer.

His young wife was surprised by this. She believed that gradually Dale would learn to relax, to bare his emotions, to talk to her, to show spontaneous affection.

She had no idea that his desire to become a successful businessman was an obsession. Last year when he told her he intended to invest in the Everlast Laboratories, a company which produces a rubber compound that protects automobile tires from puncture, Jackie said, "Do what you think best, but aren't you afraid you're spreading yourself too thin?"

Jackie says now, "I thought he was doing enough, working at the studio and training his horses. And I pointed out that he was putting too many kettles in the fire. He did what he liked. And I certainly hope he succeeds."

A director who has worked with Dale says, "I have the impression that this fellow is ashamed of being an actor. He tells you that he's in the game for one reason, money. Maybe. Only I don't think so.

"I think he likes acting. I think he likes the whole business. If he doesn't why did he go to night school at the university downtown and take courses in motion picture production? Why has he written three or four scripts?

"My own feeling is that he likes the glamour and the adoration. Secretly, he even likes all the interviews he's constantly yelling about. Only he won't admit it.

"He's got a serious conflict and I guess that's why he's a tough man to live with.

"Maybe you don't understand what I mean. Take a man like Fred Astaire. He's been retiring from this racket for the last ten years. According to him, every picture he makes is his last. But he keeps coming back. Why? He doesn't need the money. He's loaded.

"The reason is that he loves to make motion pictures, and so does Dale Robertson. Don't let him kid you."

DALE KEEPS SAYING over and over again that he's pulling out of Hollywood as soon as his contract expires; and while Jackie agreed to go and live with him wherever he wanted to settle, she first wanted to be sure that Dale really loved her and wanted her.

"From the beginning," she says, "I had the feeling that he regretted our marriage, that he knew in his heart that he had made a mistake and that he was too kind to tell me. I suggested this possibility to him and he said no, that he really cared for me.

"In the months that followed, I prayed that he would prove it by his behavior. I thought that after the separation he would see how bad it was for us to be apart. But no change. Still the same busy, distant, indifferent man.

"When our baby was born he was very happy. I thought that his being a father would change him. He loves our little girl. I know he does but there's very little demonstration of it.

"I've tried everything in the book to make a success of our marriage. Dale is the son of divorced parents, and I didn't want our child to grow up that way. But there is no use in two people's living together if they can't get along.

"I want to say now that I'm not pregnant as the gossip columnists have reported and that there was no third party involved in the failure of our marriage. No other woman—nothing like that.

"I think I could have coped with that, but when a man has fallen out of love with his wife—then it's just hopeless.

"As a matter of fact, as I look back on it all, it was hopeless to begin with. He just didn't love me." **END**

marilyn and joe

(*Continued from page 41*) Joe phoned his bride and told her to meet him in San Francisco and Marilyn slipped out of Hollywood just as quietly as she'd slipped in. A day later she and her husband and Lefty O'Doul were aboard a Pan American Clipper bound for Honolulu.

The free-for-all had begun.

When the visiting trio arrived at the Honolulu Airport they were mobbed by an estimated 2,000 fans most of whom wanted to become Marilyn's close friends.

Hula dancers greeted the celebrities, the Hawaii Visitors Bureau officials draped them with leis and four special policemen helped Marilyn fight her way to the Pan-American passenger lounge.

"They kept grabbing at my hair," she said nervously. "Did you see them, Joe? They kept grabbing at my hair." Joe, expecting a little peace and quiet in Honolulu, shrugged his shoulders, said nothing.

The police formed a protective cordon across the narrow hallway leading to the lounge while Joe and Marilyn each drank a glass of Hawaiian pineapple juice.

The newlyweds then said they were ready to talk to the anxious reporters and photographers. They were most cooperative, Marilyn posing for pictures and Joe explaining that "we're just on our way to Tokyo. We expect to get our visas tomorrow and then take off tomorrow night."

"Do you plan to swim at Waikiki?" they were asked.

"I don't think we'll have time," Joe said. He looked at Lefty O'Doul.

"They want to spend a little time staying away from all you fellows," O'Doul said with his big Irish grin. "After all, they're lovebirds on a honeymoon." Everyone laughed and a police official called out that there would be no need for control squads and road blocks at Waikiki.

Marilyn and Joe were ushered into a powder blue convertible driven by Louis Benjamin, the owner of a bar called The Log Cabin. Di Maggio had met Benjamin during World War II, and it was "Benny" who whisked them off to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

The following night the Di Maggios and O'Doul were headed for Tokyo for what Joe was assured would be "a quiet time." This illusion was dispelled when the plane put down on the runway at Haneda International Airport.

THE MOVIE FANS were so pushing, so numerous, so avid, that Marilyn and Joe had to scramble back into the plane. When the fans refused to disperse, the newlyweds escaped through the baggage hatch and ran to the Immigration Office.

It was even worse at the Imperial Hotel where more than 200 police were called out to maintain order. The Imperial has dozens of labyrinthine passageways. Practically all of these were blocked by Japanese fans shouting, "Malyn. Malyn Monloe." The newspapers had made the serious error of announcing the Di Maggios' hotel.

As Marilyn stepped into the lobby, the fans began to press. Plate glass broke; revolving doors stuck; two sight-seers fell into a fish pond.

Marilyn and Joe finally got to their room. O'Doul sent word to the press that the couple would be down in ten minutes. Marilyn, who is late to everything, including her own wedding, was about two hours late this time. The newsmen, realizing what she'd been through—the long trip, the milling crowds, the constant pressure—greeted her affably when she slithered into the Treasure Room.

She was given the seat of honor. O'Doul hovered protectively. Joe, almost unnoticed, leaned against a corner of the room where only four resolute baseball reporters began to question him. Marilyn, however, faced a battery of eighty-five. She smiled as the camera bulbs began popping.

"Excuse, please, but do you sleep naked?"

The actress grinned. "No comment."

"Have you ever seen your husband play in a baseball game?"

"No," the actress answered. "I met my husband after he had retired from active baseball."

"What do you plan to do in Japan?"

"Even though I'm on my honeymoon I understand I'll have the chance to tour the Korean front, to entertain our troops. I'm going for at least three or four days."

"Your husband, Joe Di Maggio, no object?"

Marilyn shook her head. "No, it's all right with him. We've discussed it."

"What kind of fur piece is that you are wearing?"

"Fox," the blonde quipped, "and not the 20th Century kind."

"About 20th Century-Fox, please, you are now under suspension? Why?"

"Well, I read the script of the new movie and I didn't care for it. That doesn't mean I don't like musicals—I like good musicals."

"When you go to Korea will you wear ermine bathing suit like Terry Moore?"

Marilyn said no, she would wear a plain cocktail dress.

"Is your husband going to Korea with you?"

"No, he is staying behind with Mr. O'Doul to coach your baseball players."

"Do you agree with Kinsey Report, Miss Monroe?"

"No, I do not."

"You plan to give up career?"

Marilyn thought for a moment. "No, I don't, but my marriage comes before my career. I'd like to have a family."

"Is it true you really want six children?"

It was here that Joe Di Maggio broke in. "Hey," he called out. "You should ask *me* that question."

JOE AND MARILYN had very little time to themselves in Japan. One Sunday they drove out to Kawana, a fishing village, but photographers were spotted all over the place, and again the newlyweds had to pose for snapshots and answer questions.

When Joe flew south to coach with Lefty O'Doul, Mrs. O'Doul flew in to accompany Marilyn on her rounds.

The actress dropped in at the Tokyo Army Hospital, cheered several sick G.I.'s, and then worked out her Korea entertainment routine.

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On my way to work one morning I stopped in a drugstore for coffee and found Jerry Lewis sitting next to me. He smiled and said good morning. When I finished breakfast the waiter refused my ten-dollar bill, saying that it was too early to change it. Jerry spoke up promptly. "Things are bad all over," he said—and paid my check!

Rose Lelarke
New York, N. Y.

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Pvt. Albert Guastefeste of Uniondale, Long Island, a music instructor at Camp Zama, was chosen to be Marilyn's piano accompanist, and he ran through four numbers with the actress, "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend" and "Bye, Bye, Baby" from *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.* Also "Let's Do It Again" and "Somebody Loves Me."

Marilyn was asked if she wanted to do a solo or entertain as part of a ten-man package show which had been performing in Okinawa. Marilyn said she'd prefer being part of the troupe.

She was flown to Korea on February 16, dressed in drab combat boots, pants, and shirt (two buttons opened at the top). She carried a little make-up bag and a purple dress cut low. She described it as "a cocktail party dress or something like that. After all, I hadn't expected this. I didn't bring the right clothes."

But the 13,000 Marines who watched Marilyn sing had no gripes at all. They swarmed over the stage, snapping their cameras left and right. After she finished her act, Marilyn said, "I've never seen so many men in my life. I'm just sorry Joe couldn't come along but previous commitments wouldn't permit a change in schedule."

Said one Marine officer, "You were swell, absolutely swell. We've had them all but this crowd by far outdraws the best ever."

Marilyn had been flown by helicopter from Seoul to the 1st Marine Division, "and while I was scared, I tried not to show it."

Before she started her act on the Korean front, Marilyn announced that she could neither sing nor dance very well, but all she had to do was breathe and she evoked tremendous cheers from the 1st Marine and 3rd and 7th Army Divisions. The 40th Division, which consists of many California regiments, really broke the record.

While the troupe's preliminary acts were in progress at the 40th Division theatre, 10,000 soldiers pushed and elbowed forward in an effort to get closer to the stage.

WHEN IT LOOKED as if they would break through the military police line, Marilyn was told to be "ready for anything" while the regimental commander, Colonel John Kelly, went out front and temporarily halted the show.

"You're here to have a good time," he shouted. "And there's no sense in anyone's getting hurt."

When the show resumed and Marilyn came out front wearing the tight purple dress "that does a little more for me," the crowd surged forward and thousands of soldiers attempted to climb on the backs of their buddies.

In three days, Marilyn performed ten times for an estimated 50,000 men. When she finally finished at Taegu, Korea, she was dead tired but happy.

"You know," she told an officer, "I never felt like a movie star before—really in my heart—before I came to Korea. This is the high point of everything.

"Now I'm flying back to the most important thing in my life—Joe. And I want to start a family. A family comes before a career."

Back in Japan with Di Maggio, Marilyn told her husband, "I'm so glad I went to Korea, Joe. I'll never, never forget that experience so long as I live."

A man of few words, Joe took his wife in his arms and nodded understandingly. But he must have wondered how much longer he would have to share his bride with the world. **END**

(Marilyn Monroe can be seen in 20th Century-Fox's River Of No Return.)



The flower girls had their petals crushed.

LETTER FROM TOKYO

Tokyo, Japan, Far East

Dear Mr. Charles D. Saxon,

Every month I'm enjoying your magazine 4,000 miles apart here. Since the war at Korea many Hollywood stars are visited here. But we never expected Marilyn Monroe's coming. My English is limited, but I'll try to explain our feelings.

Lefty O'Doul, the San Diego baseball manager, came in on the same plane with the smiling DiMaggios. Lefty is one of Japan's biggest baseball idols, but he got lost in today's shuffle. He coached DiMaggio to marry Monroe such sensational, but this fact never known any reporter in the United States.

During the wait for the plane, thousands of people broke through police lines a couple of times. Japanese movie actresses were mobbed by schoolgirls and the flower girls had their petals crushed and some were stolen wallets by pickpockets among this mob. Over an hour after their plane landed, the DiMaggios got into a waiting convertible and drove down eight miles of highway, lined with tens of thousands of eager fans, to the Imperial Hotel in downtown Tokyo —where they were confronted with another vast multitude.

Although the trip to Tokyo was baseball business, Joe DiMaggio went relatively unnoticed in a far corner of the room where his audience consisted of a small handful of baseball reporters, while Marilyn Monroe talked to the press.

Q. *What is your opinion about your famous "Monroe walk?"*
A. *I had been walking since I was six months old and couldn't stopped yet. It naturally come to me.*
Q. *Is it true you didn't wear any underwear clothes, whether or not?*
A. *I'm planning to buy a Japanese kimono and I'm wearing underclothes like this lace slip.*
Q. *What is your first impression of Japan?*
A. *I hardly to tell that answer because I just arrived here only yesterday, but I heard about Japan from my husband. I really never expected before such many cameramens waited here.*
Q. *Who is your closest best friend?*
A. *Miss Jane Russell and Miss Betty Grable.*
Q. *Who is your respectable people who are engaged in motion picture field?*
A. *Ingrid Bergman, Charles Laughton, Humphrey Bogart, Marlon Brando.*
Q. *You think your husband is a millionaire?*
A. *No, I don't think so. I guess he is empty.*

Sincerely yours,
Yoko Hazama

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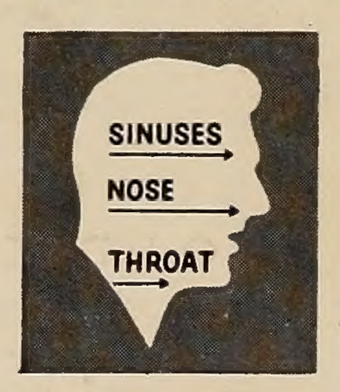
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